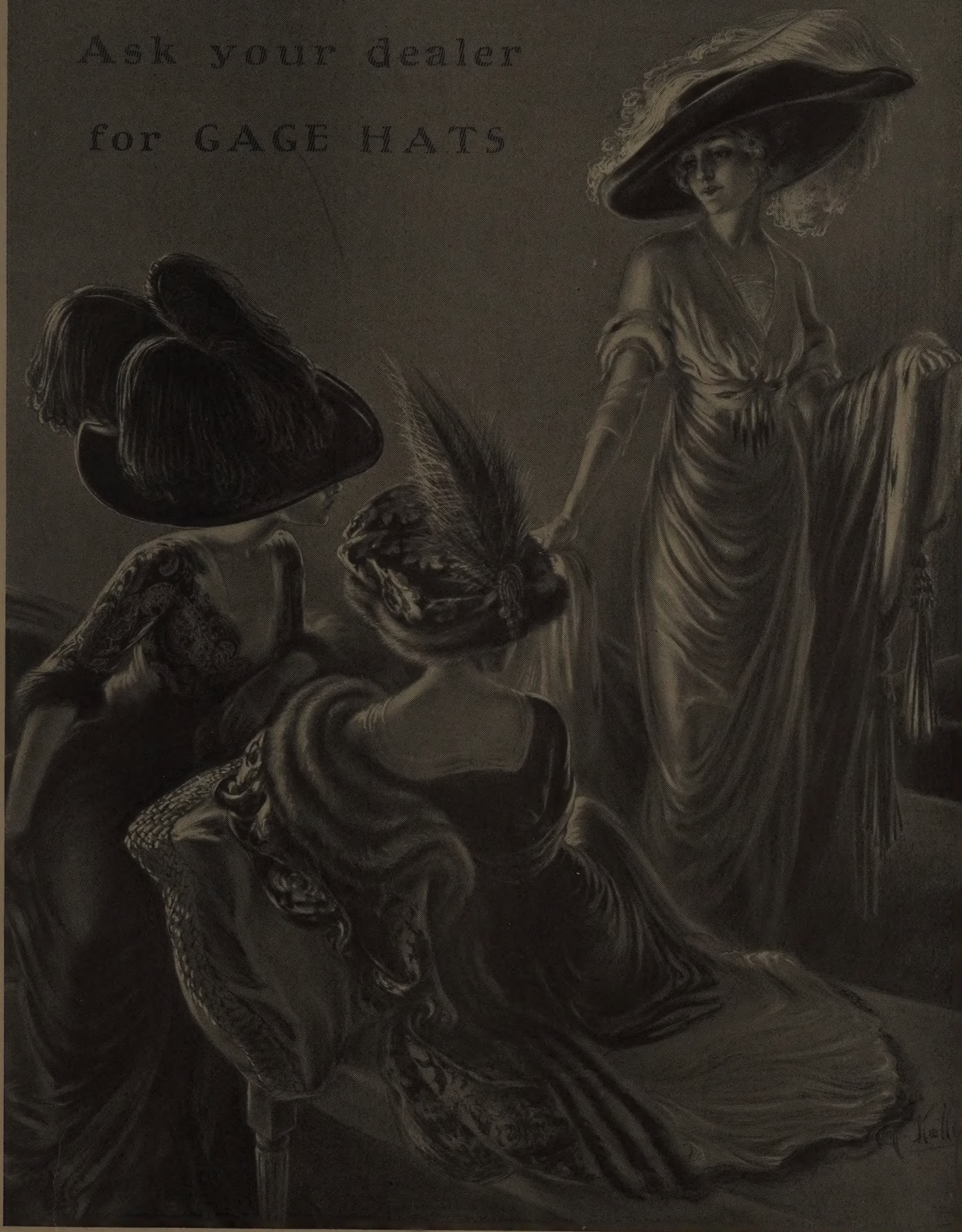


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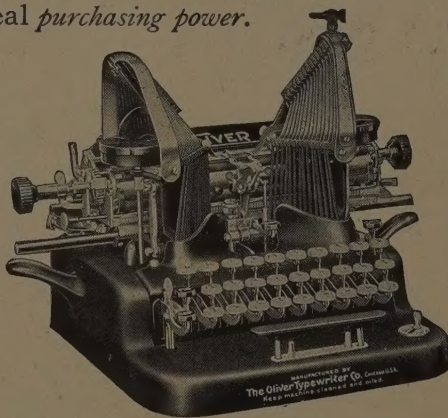
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## Letter to the Editor

### "The Lion and the Mouse"

NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1910.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In the September issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE there appears an article under the heading "Secrets of a Dramatist's Workshop," in which it is stated, with certain apparently convincing details, how I refused Mr. Klein's fine play, "The Lion and the Mouse." Some part of this statement is true, but the rest is grossly at variance with the facts.

First: It is true only, that the play was first submitted to me, and that I declined it. I did not take the manuscript to Europe. I did not meet Mr. Klein there. I read the play here and after a careful reading, I returned the manuscript. I did not decline the play known as "The Lion and the Mouse." I declined the play in the form and character in which it was first submitted. This was an entirely different work from the play as it appeared when finally produced. In my letter to Mr. Klein I stated that he had a good theme, a splendid subject and interesting characters, but the faults were with the treatment of the theme and its characters, and its general structure, all of which failed to convince or enlist interest in its dramatic logic or its ethical significance.

Mr. Klein did rewrite the play. He rewrote it so radically that I regretted that he did not submit me his revised work; but he submitted it to a play agent to dispose of. This agent told him she could sell the play if still further alterations were made. Mr. Klein, like a clever and sagacious man, set to work, and recreated a very improved work out of his first draft, though even at rehearsals many changes, as William Harris told me, were made. When Mr. Harris told me of these improvements in detail, I said, "Then Klein has made a good play," and I said I would go to Middletown to see the first performance. I saw what a wonderful change the author had wrought, and at the conclusion of the performance, before the small audience which witnessed the first night of the work in the little Connecticut town, I at once accepted it for the Lyceum Theatre. Henry B. Harris was not present. These arrangements and all my interviews were with his father William, who had supervised the stage management.

Mr. Klein did have a good subject. His first treatment was ineffective and unconvincing. I do not mean to say that Mr. Klein availed himself of all my suggestions and criticisms, for I think he is quite capable upon reflection of reconsidering and redrafting his work by means of his own logical sense and dramatic instinct; but, had it been produced in the form in which I first read the work, it would doubtless have failed to meet the mark.

It proves again the value of old Boucicault's dictum that "plays are not written, but rewritten." I have been accused so often of having declined this work, that I am only constrained to make this statement by reason of the elaborate article in your present issue,—not so much as a defense, but as an explanation; for managers are frequently charged with having failed to appreciate the value of a play in the manuscript, which subsequently proves successful. This is one of the explanations of their short-sightedness.

Yours very truly,

DANIEL FROHMAN.

### Books Received

CHANTECLER. A play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Translated by Gertrude Hall. Cloth. 289 pp. New York: Duffield & Company.  
THE NIGGER. An American play in three acts by Edward Sheldon. Cloth. 269 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
MIND AND VOICE. Principles and Methods in Vocal Training. By S. S. Curry, Ph.D., Litt. D. Cloth. 446 pp. Boston: Expression Company.  
DEEP IN PINEY WOODS. Novel by J. W. Churchill. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. 354 pp. \$1.20 net. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.



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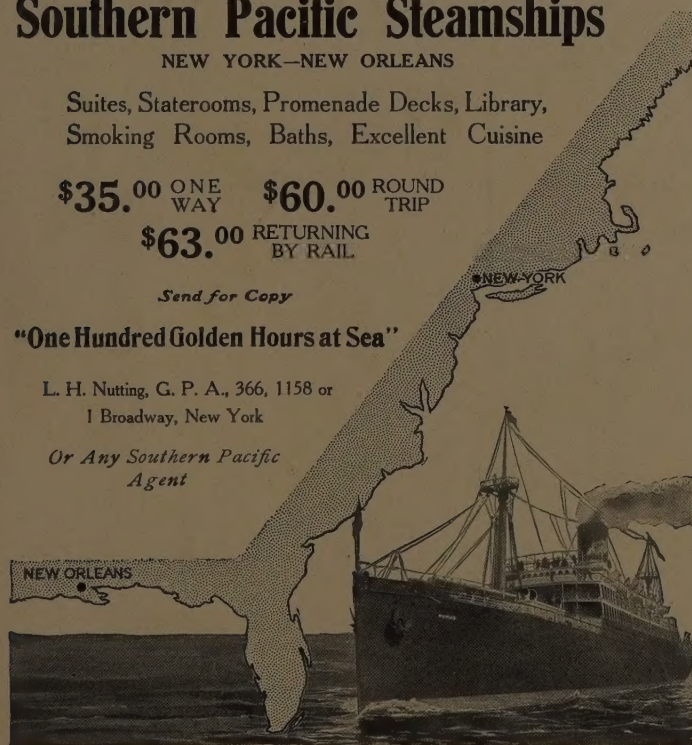
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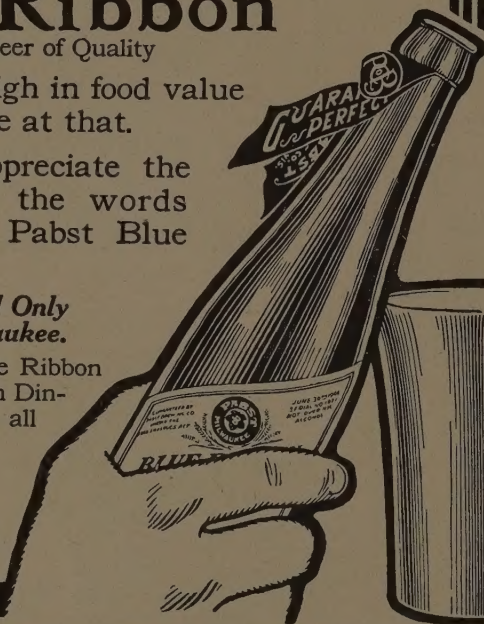
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### Tribulations of a Singer

Talking with a representative of the New York *Sun* the other day, Signor Caruso admitted that success and fame had their drawbacks. He said, in part:

"People, I suppose, think I am the happiest man on earth with all my successes and large earnings. To tell you the real honest truth, I was much happier when I was a nobody earning two dollars a day. Now I have no liberty at all. My smallest action is criticized, every word commented upon. Even my private affairs are made public. When I had my operation I was pestered night and day with reporters, and because I refused to disclose details which I considered absolutely personal the press in general spoke so malignantly about it that serious business complications might have followed had I not recovered as quickly as I did. Because I am a celebrated tenor have I not the right to have the feelings of an ordinary man? What did I care at the time for the curiosity of the world when my whole career was at stake?"

"Do you know that before each public appearance I spend a sleepless night and long hours of indescribable moral pain? I have never been able to get familiar with the public; every time is for me as a debut. At my last concert at Manchester recently I fainted immediately after my last song."

"In my dressing-room at the Metropolitan, New York, when waiting for my call, I tremble like a child frightened by a ghost. Only when I am actually on the stage do I succeed in pulling myself together. The thousands of eager eyes and opera glasses fixed on me have the same effect on me as a red rag on a bull. I feel the challenge of the audience and attack the first notes in a fighting mood until the music holds me and I feel my part; yet all the time I am possessed with fear that my voice may fail."

"The memory of Naudin, the tenor, who, after such an experience at the San Carlo, Naples, years ago, shot himself in his dressing-room, haunts me always, and every minute on the stage counts as a year of my life. \* \* \*

"No, people ought not to grudge me my success. Through my own energy and pluck I have worked up from the lowest rung of the ladder, and it has not been an easy matter. Long ago when, after years of hard work I had succeeded in bringing my fees up to \$1,000 I had to pocket my pride and come down again to \$400 in order to have the privilege of singing at Covent Garden. \* \* \*

"I have never spoken so openly to any other paper, not even in my own country, and I hope that after this the American press will understand me better than it ever did. I must add, however, that my wish is that it should leave me more in peace so far as my private life is concerned."

### Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York Theatres at the time of going to press (September 15th): "Alias Jimmy Valentine" at Wallack's; "A Matinée Idol" at the West End; "Baby Mine" at Daly's; "Bobby Burnit" at the Republic; "Diplomacy" at Maxine Elliott's; "Girllies" at the Grand Opera House; New York Hippodrome; "Love Among the Lions" at the Garrick; "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam; "Madame X" at the Lyric; "Miss Patsy" at Nazimova's; "Mother" at the Hackett; "Our Miss Gibbs" at the Knickerbocker; "Seven Days" at the Astor; "Smith" at the Empire; "The Arcadians" at the New York; "The Brass Bottle" at the Lyceum; "The Commuters" at the Criterion; "The Country Boy" at the Liberty; "The Echo" at the Globe; "The Fortune Hunter" at the Gaiety; "The Lily" at Belasco's; "The Marriage of a Star" at the Comedy; "The Summer Widowers" at the Broadway; "Three Twins" at the City; "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Herald Square; "Up and Down Broadway" at the Casino; "Welcome to Our City" at the Bijou.

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### Possart Coming Here

The German comedian, Ernest von Possart, is announced for a ten weeks' season in America this Fall. Possart has not visited this country for two decades. On his last visit, besides presenting Shakespearean revivals, Mr. Possart offered several plays new to America. His engagement was played at the Amberg Theatre, now known as the Irving Place, and was a notable event. With the English actors in this country next season, and with Sarah Bernhardt representing the French stage and Ernest von Possart the German, this is destined to be a memorable year in theatricals.—*Dramatic Mirror*.



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### Salvini's Advice to Beginners

The *Century Magazine* having asked Tommaso Salvini to make a few practical suggestions for the benefit of young aspirants in the dramatic art, the great Italian tragedian in the April issue of that publication writes in part as follows:

"First of all let me hope that you possess such qualities as are necessary to success. Are you endowed with a good figure and an expressive countenance? Have you a strong, vibrating, and flexible voice, which will adapt itself to the various feelings and passions you will have to express? Are you cultivated enough to interpret the thought of various authors? Do you think yourself capable of identifying yourself with the many characters you will have to represent? Should you fulfil all these conditions (but you had better be sure of it), then give yourself entirely to your art.

"The knowledge of the classics is indispensable. Homer, Ossian, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Hugo, and many others uplift the mind to great poetry, and train the ear to its beautiful sound. Those who can repeat verse with a sense of truth and feeling will also render prose with naturalness and power.

"Faithfully to represent a historical character, you should look over old chronicles, try to find out who surrounded him, and study the customs and habits of his times. Only thus will you obtain an insight into your hero's real nature and his epoch, and it will then be easier for you to attain not perfection, which is humanly impossible, but at least a faithful similitude, which may draw admiration and applause.

"When studying your part, and after having first acquired a real understanding of the whole work, you should read it over and over from beginning to end, without dwelling on any particular speech or scene. By doing this you will obtain a thorough knowledge of the character as a whole, and will soon perceive the salient points from which effects should be soberly drawn. \* \* \*

"You should also train your voice, and see that it becomes resonant and well modulated. Study your part aloud, so as to see whether the tone of your voice, in expressing a given sentiment, is correct or not. You will also be able to judge whether the gestures and movements which you will be led to make are right or must be corrected. A doubtful or irresolute gesture has no meaning; therefore all gestures should be determined and significant.

"And this is not all. Many people think that acting is an easy task, whereas it is far otherwise. Of all arts, acting is the nearest to life. If the painter's or the sculptor's task is a hard one, what shall we say of the actor's? His requires plastic movements, a clear diction, an expressive face, a well-adapted figure. To comprehend a character thoroughly, and to render it well throughout the whole play, is most difficult, and few are the actors, even among the most experienced, who can do so. Such things as moving about on the stage, the expression of a face, and the inflections of the voice, cannot be taught, but one can give a few general rules. For instance, the step should be firm, the arm should move from the shoulder and not from the elbow, the hands should be kept half-closed, and the fingers should never be far apart, and, lastly, the voice should never pitch to falsetto. \* \* \*

"Another very important thing for an actor is that his make-up should accord with the epoch and character of the person he has to present. Here again an absolute rule cannot be given, but it will always be advisable to frequent picture-galleries, to examine carefully the paintings which show the character one wishes to represent, to consult works on the wearing apparel of his time, and to peruse illustrated periodicals. \* \* \*

"It is a delusion to think that intelligence and personality are all that one requires to obtain fame. An actor may have an excellent method, a fine voice, and great intelligence, but if he has not also physical qualities, his successes will not go beyond a little approval; he will not carry away his audience, and the public will class him among the good, but not among the best.

"And yet the public is not unfair. It obliges no one to go on the stage at all and appeal to its indulgence. Therefore inadequately equipped actors should not complain of the public's indifference or of writers' criticisms. If one tries to fly toward the sun with wings of wax, one must not be surprised if the sun's rays melt his wings. Some will object that art should not be the monopoly of those most favored by nature, but that others also should have a right to follow it. This I do not deny, but, nevertheless, an actor ought to realize what he can or cannot represent, and should abstain from parts for which he is not adapted. . . ."

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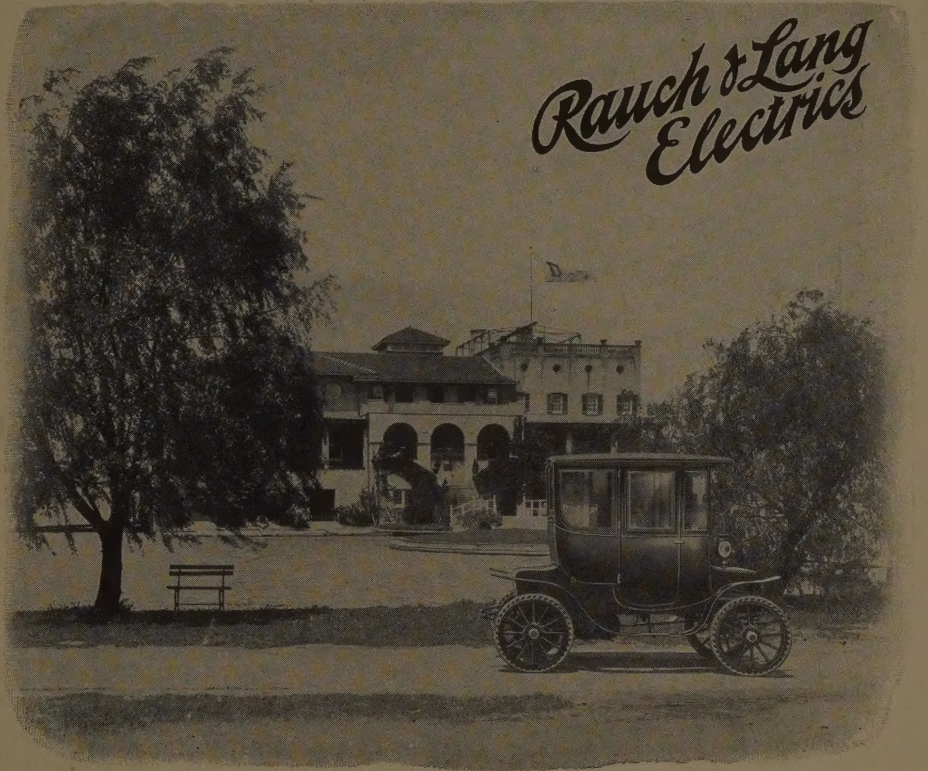
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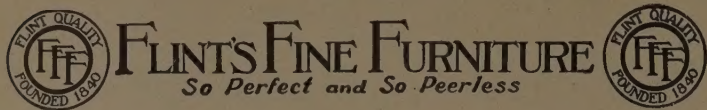
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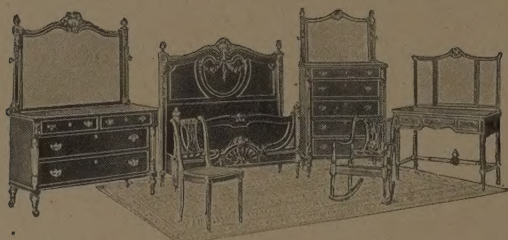
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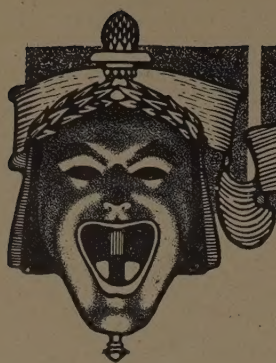
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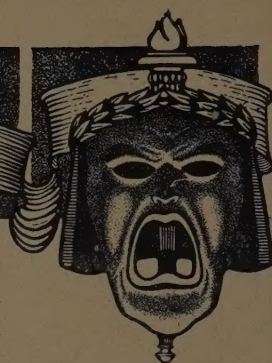
MAURICE MAETERLINCK, AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE BIRD"

Maurice Maeterlinck, who has been called the Belgian Shakespeare, is one of the most remarkable poets of our time. His earlier symbolical plays, "Les Aveugles," "L'Intruse," "Pelleas et Melisande," etc., were marked by pronounced pessimism, but after his marriage to the actress, Georgette Leblanc, the dramatist acquired a more cheerful philosophy which found its expression in the work, "The Life of the Bee," and the dramas, "Monna Vanna," "Sister Beatrice," etc. "The Blue Bird," which is shortly to be presented at the New Theatre, this city, is a spectacular allegory depicting Youth seeking for Happiness.





# PLAYS OF THE MONTH



EMPIRE. "SMITH." Comedy in four acts, by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced September 5 with the following cast:

Thomas Freeman.....	John Drew
Herbert Dallas-Baker, K. C.....	Morton Selton
Algeron Peppercorn.....	Hassard Short
Fletcher.....	Lewis Casson
Mrs. Dallas-Baker.....	Emily Chapman
Isabel Irving.....	Mrs. Otto Rosenberg
Smith.....	Jane Laurel
	Mary Boland

That a bachelor, after an absence of eight years on his ranch in South Africa, should return home to London, fall in love with his married sister's parlor maid, and carry her back with him as his wife, would seem to be a scandalous proceeding. Put into the form of a play one would expect from it something of sociological import and importance. We get nothing of the sort in Mr. Maugham's play, which is much more of a comedy than a satire, frankly and simply entitled "Smith." This comparatively newcomer has quietly acquired the methods and point of view of the professional dramatist, whose controlling purpose is to entertain and incidentally only to instruct and moralize and philosophize. The professional seeks novelty, sometimes getting it from recent suggestion and by means of paraphrase. The method is not discreditable, assuredly not when the dramatist has such ample resources of his own that he pays back his indebtedness many times over. The degeneracy of fashionable society in London, with its spendthrift, dissolute men and complaisant husbands, and its bridge-playing women and wives indifferent to children and home, was seriously set forth by Sutro in "The Walls of Jericho." In "Smith" we have representatives of the same society, but what they do in their feverish existence and in their pursuit of pleasure serves for but little more than to bring out in contrast the beautiful serenity and simplicity of the parlor-maid, Smith. Her familiar name she refuses to give to the bachelor when he engages her in conversation as she is serving him breakfast, assuring him that servants are properly known by their surnames in respectable families. It is only at the fall of the curtain that he learns from her that he is to know his future wife as Mary, a name that he utters with decent rapture as he folds her in his arms and kisses her. He had kissed her once before, but she had yielded to his importunities as something in the line of dutiful service, "Oh, if it will give you any pleasure, sir," offering her cheek to him as she balanced the obstructing tray with its burden for the scullery.

Smith was domestic and housewifely. The bachelor finds her in the dining-room darning his neg-

lected socks and repairing his pajamas. No affectation about the service, no professed interest in him. We had just had a scene in which a fellow servant, while cleaning the windows, had proposed to her and she had given him an indefinite answer, admitting that marriage was the proper thing for young women. The action of the play is, Will the bachelor marry Smith? The spiritual influence of Smith is felt the moment she answers the bell of her mistress in the first act. She has little to do in this act, and throughout the play her scenes are not numerous, but they are all effective. The absent Smith is always present. The unworthy ones of the smart set are constantly adding to their debit account. Mrs. Otto Rosenberg is cheating and losing at a social game of bridge when Smith, against the orders of her mistress, announces that a telephone message calls her home to her child, who is dangerously ill. Smith is insistent that she go. Later on,

with almost speechless emotion, she announces that the child is dead. The motherly instinct is strong in Smith, and makes its due impression on the bachelor. The bachelor's sister's husband is well satisfied, in a blind sort of way, with the attentions to his wife of a young man described as the tame cat. The bachelor offers to punch his head off and throw him out of the house, but he finds that this is impossible in the circumstances, and it is only when the tame cat tells the wife that he can find better pasturage elsewhere that he takes himself out of the way. The bachelor is urged by his sister to marry an old sweetheart of his who had remained single during his absence. He has come to find a wife, and falls into the trap when she sentimentally confesses to have loved him all the while, and to have remained single on his account. Later on she takes herself off the scene voluntarily by confessing that she has been engaged several times, and that she will not force on him a loveless marriage.

It will be observed that Mr. Maugham adopts the easiest means at hand to solve the various obstructive elements in his play. In this he is wholly unconventional. Mr. Maugham very discreetly avoids complications that have to be solved by "conflict." He avoids sentimentality, but he builds up Smith in the affections of the audience, and makes it clear as a practical proposition that Smith is the wife for the bachelor. How far remote all this is from the tearful sentiment and diffuse trickery of Tom Taylor's play, "The Unequal Match!" How lightly, indifferently



Copyright Dover Street Studios

MARIE LOHR

This young actress, whose Lady Teazle was loudly praised by the London critics, will be seen this season in America





White

Ben Hendricks

Gilbert Douglas

Maude Odell

SCENE IN OLIVER HERFORD'S NEW COMEDY, "CON &amp; CO." NOW RUNNING AT NAZIMOVA'S THEATRE

and incidental are the iniquities of the smart set treated in comparison with "The Walls of Jericho!" The play, then, is remarkable for the sanity and the freedom from precedent and conventionality of Mr. Maugham. Of course, Smith, as a character, is impossible in American life. She regards the bachelor as a gentleman in spite of his protestations that he is not, but she will not at first admit the distinction or the possibility of marriage between them. She is absolutely sincere and without affectation. The American farmer's daughter in the part would be a soubrette. She would be pert. She would be indignant at the advances of the man. She would discuss the case at large. With all due regard for Mr. Drew, as the bachelor, with his effective reliance upon obliquity of vision and upturned eyes, the charm of the play is the acting of Smith by Miss Mary Boland. The character is so new, so well acted, without a trace of artificiality, that it emphasizes the newness of the play and the eminently sane work of Mr. Maugham. In some of its passages of marked unconventionality the action is slow, but on the whole, the play affords an unusual amount of pleasure. It is not easy to imagine any other actress so fitted to her part as Miss Boland. The bachelor could be played by some one else than Mr. Drew, although his fine art has never been better exemplified than in this play. Happily the cast is of superior merit and fitness. Miss Isabel Irving plays the wife, and Mr. Morton Selden the husband; Miss Jane Laurel, the fashionable woman who neglects her child; Miss Sibyl Thorndike, the old sweetheart of the bachelor, and Mr. Hassard Short, the tame cat. In unconventionality and newness "Smith" promises to be the distinctive play of the season.

DALY'S. "BABY MINE." Comedy in three acts, by Margaret Mayo. Produced August 23 with this cast:

Alfred Hardy.....	Frank Glendinning	Donaghey.....	Harry H. Hart
Jimmy Jinks.....	Walter Jones	Zoie .....	Marguerite Clark
Michael O'Flarety.....	John E. Mackin	Aggie .....	Ivy Troutman
Finnigan .....	E. D. Cromwell	Rosa Gatti.....	Sara Biala
	Maggie O'Flarety.....	Ruth Findlay	

Gynecology has never figured as a popular dramatic thesis. James A. Herne once made partial use of it in "Margaret Fleming," and some critics, including W. D. Howells, put it down as one of the greatest plays ever written, while others declared it insultingly indecent. Margaret Mayo, with refreshing candor coupled with much common sense and a nice appreciation of "the limit," has dramatized a problem in obstetrics, which is making the walls of Daly's Theatre nightly resound with howls of unlimited merriment. It is in three acts, and is called "Baby Mine." It was a happy touch on the part of the author to make her central figures a very young married couple, as their ingenuous simplicity made it possible to gloss over situations that otherwise would have appeared somewhat raw.

According to a newspaper notice that appeared last January, "3,000 Chicago husbands are fondling babies not their own, but ones which their wives have adopted." With this idea as a basis, Miss Mayo starts out to tell a story in which a young wife, estranged for three months from her husband, seeks to lure him back by sending him word that he is a father. She has arranged to secure a baby from a foundling asylum, but the husband arriving unexpectedly ahead of time, a friend goes out to get a substitute. Eventually he secures no less than three of them by methods broadly farcical, but none the less wildly amusing. The



father, as his increasing honors are heaped upon him, waxes proudly enthusiastic, but as some of the babies have been kidnapped, some borrowed, they all have to be returned after a series of scenes hilarious in their ingenious accomplishment.

It is a capital farce in every way. The exposition is clean-cut and direct, the movement sure and capable, while the dialogue is excellent in its naturalness. Its every performance evokes perfect cyclones of laughter.

Frank Glendinning, as the young husband, is a capital farceur. Brisk, breezy and confident, he plays with unflagging and convincing spirit. The young man "shows the blood that is within him," and at one bound steps onto the first flight of light comedians. His wife falls to the lot of Marguerite Clark, who is dainty and cute. Were she a trifle less self-conscious and a little less raucous in tonal delivery, her performance would be much improved. As the kindly disposed friend and "baby snatcher," Walter Jones was deliciously funny. As Aggie Jinks, his wife, Ivy Troutman acted with real distinction and refinement. The minor rôles were all in capable hands.

LIBERTY. "THE COUNTRY BOY." Comedy in four acts, by Edgar Selwyn. Produced August 30 with this cast:

Hiram Belknap.....	G. C. Staley	Herman Leitz.....	Jack J. Horwitz
Hezekiah Jenks.....	George H. Wender	Joe Weinstein.....	Arthur Shaw
Sarah.....	Geraldine O'Brien	Miss Dunstan.....	Carolyn Elberts
Mrs. Wilson.....	Lois Clark	Mr. Phelps.....	Walter Allen
Jane Belknap.....	Sophia Blair	Mrs. Phelps.....	Kitty Donnelly
Tom Wilson.....	Forrest Winant	Fred Merkle.....	Robert McWade, Jr.
Mrs. Bannan.....	Mrs. Stuart Robson	Amy Leroy.....	Willette Kershaw
Lucy.....	Geraldine O'Brien	Jimmy Michaelson.....	Stanley Wood

Many American dramatists have achieved success with plays characterized by episode, the episodic bearing a closer and more continuous relation to the development of the story than is to be found in any plays before the period sharply defined in its inception by the production of "Shore Acres." The method used is distinctly American, and thus it is that "The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn, is in every way a genuine product. The play might be called "The Boarding House," so many incidents of that kind of life being introduced that the subject would seem to be exhausted in this one play. The minor characters that contribute to the humor of the scenes and the circumstantial truth of such a life are exceedingly diverting on their own account until those who belong to the action of the play are brought into active service in the complications of the story. We see the fat landlady gracious to her star boarder, confidential as to her troubles, denunciatory as to her butcher bills, and aggressively solicitous about the consumption of her gas. She is a loqua-

cious business woman, measuring out her favors to those who are prompt in payment, and giving scant courtesy to those who are behind. This boarding house keeper is acted with unctuous naturalness and spirit by Mrs. Stuart Robson. Among the boarders is an old newspaper reporter, who has lost his interest in life, resents conversation, is selfish to a degree, is jealous of his food, attentive to his newspaper from the soup to the tapioca pudding, and a nuisance to everybody, including himself. Another boarder keeps the conversation at the table alive by his various observations, and is so entertaining that he keeps in the good graces of the boarding house keeper, although his supply of money is irregular. His entertaining qualities are an asset to the house and a delight to the audience. He bets on the races, and is alive to anything of speculative interest. The country boy is now about at the end of his resources. The landlady gives him notice to leave, turning him out of his room and putting him in the parlor for his last night. In the meanwhile the country boy has had troubles of a sentimental kind. He has had an affair with a chorus girl. He had come to the city to make his fortune, or at least to prove his worthiness to marry the girl of his village, the daughter of the rich business man. He must be tried in the crucible. He must show his ability to support a wife.

Father and daughter appear on the scene, discover his plight, and learn of his love affair with a flippant and undeserving woman. The boy determines to commit suicide by gas. The snarling, middle-aged newspaper man, who occupies the adjoining room,

suspects his design, and enters on the pretext of wishing to borrow a bottle of liniment for his rheumatism. He purposely directs the talk to suicide, and confides to him that he is weary of life and is about to end it, whereupon the country boy earnestly endeavors to dissuade him. The newspaper man has given his last dollar to the speculative boarder to place on a horse in a race. The horse has lost, although the bet was made because the horse was the thirteenth in number and the day was Friday. Before the discussion of the suicide is over, the speculative boarder breaks in and interrupts them. After admitting that the horse had lost, he pulls from his pocket two great rolls of money which he had won at roulette, not having made the bet on the race at all. The use of the money is discussed. The newspaper man sees a new chance in life in the establishment of a newspaper in the country boy's town. They are successful with this venture. The country boy is about to get his girl, when the newspaper is about to publish a charge against the girl's father involving



White

WALLACE EDDINGER

As Robert Burnit in Winchell Smith's comedy "Bobby Burnit," lately seen at the Republic Theatre





Bangs

Cecil Yapp, who plays the Cat



White

Eleanor Moretti seen in the character of Night



Bangs

Pedro De Cordoba, who plays the rôle of Fire

THREE MEMBERS OF THE NEW THEATRE COMPANY NOW APPEARING IN MAETERLINCK'S PLAY "THE BLUE BIRD"

his honesty. What to be done is finally determined on by a vote of the three partners, the newspaper man yielding his sense of duty in the interest of his friend. The ending of the play is perhaps not satisfactory, but up to that point there is such unflinching vitality in the action, and the separate scenes are so animated, that "The Country Boy" has afforded a full measure of entertainment. The end of the story is effected rather slightly, but in all other parts of it the play is substantial. The separate scenes are worked out with all possible helpful minuteness, and are models of workmanship. The cast is thoroughly good. Arthur Shaw gave to the life the witty, outspoken, speculative young business man of the town to be seen about Forty-second Street. Not less effective was Robert McWade, Jr., in the character of the irritable newspaper man. Mr. Forrest Winant, the country boy, belongs to a type of young man on the stage which is attracting attention as a manifestation of natural fitness for parts involving youthful enthusiasm, folly and the egotism of the boy just beginning life.

**KNICKERBOCKER. "OUR MISS GIBBS."**  
Musical comedy in two acts, by James T. Tanner. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced August 29 with this cast:

The Hon. Hughie Pierpoint.....	Ernest Lambart	The Duchess of Minster.....	Daisy Belmore
A Taxi Cabby.....	Victor Le Roy	Mrs. Farquhar.....	Mollie Lowell
Mr. Amalfy.....	Gilbert Coleman	Clarita.....	Kitty Mason
Timothy Gibbs.....	Fred Wright	Kathleen.....	Gertrude Vanderbilt
Mary Gibbs.....	Pauline Chase	Sheila.....	Marion Mosby
Madame Jeanne.....	Jean Alwyn	Nora.....	Ethel Wheeler
Lady Elizabeth Thanet.....	Julia James	Lady Connie.....	Clara Pitt

Perhaps it was to build up her health, never very robust, though it must be admitted that London seemed to agree with her, that

Charles Frohman gave "Our Miss Gibbs" a trip across the Atlantic. At present she is at the Knickerbocker, but how long she will tarry here remains to be seen. It is feared that the rigors of our metropolitan season will prove too severe for her fragile constitution. New York is rather hard on unacclimated foreigners. "Our Miss Gibbs" represents a type of musical comedy that would seem to have had its day. Of plot there is practically none. A sublimated shop girl is loved by one of the nobility. Of course, parental opposition is manifest, but the gracious charm, etc., of this inherent Lady Vere de Vere overcomes all obstacles, and there you are. Whenever it is deemed expedient this thrilling story of a passionate love is rudely interrupted, and some half a dozen persons, perfectly irrelevant to the plot, jump in and introduce their specialties. This sort of thing will hardly do to follow up such successes as "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess" and "The Arcadians," for while the show is by the joint authors of the last-named piece, it doesn't touch it artistically or musically by a thousand miles. The score is very commonplace, and makes no very keen vocal exactions, yet there is hardly one in the entire cast who is not inadequate as to tone and pitch.

The title rôle is assumed by Miss Pauline Chase, who has not appeared here since she made her hit as the Pink Pajama Girl in "The Liberty Belles" some years since. Lest we forget, she again dons that apparel and dances in the moonlight. When it is said that Miss Chase has a doll-like prettiness, the last word on her impersonation has been uttered. Ernest Lambart is not without humor as a titled amateur cracksman, and Bert Leslie spills a lot of slangy

### To Melba

A nightingale was caught and held,  
It fluttered to be free  
And said, "My voice I'll leave if thou  
Wilt freedom give to me."  
The lovely bird redeemed its word,  
Its song was left with thee!

ADA STEWART STUTTON.

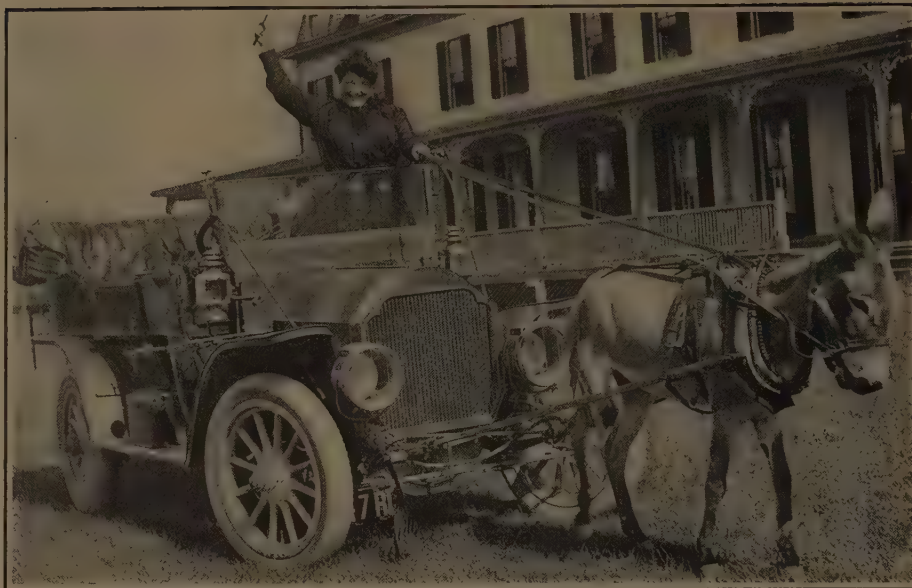


chatter. Jean Alwyn is not without grace or charm, and Gertrude Vanderbilt, a local girl, dances with neat agility, while Miss Kitty Mason presents a number of terpsichorean specialties that are gracefully novel. Fred Wright has a dire bad part. That it is not entirely unendurable speaks volumes for his neat but old-fashioned technique.

#### MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE UPSTART." Farce comedy in three acts, by Tom Barry.

Produced September 1 with this cast:  
 Rev. James E. Mitchell.....David Glassford  
 Beatrice.....Jane Cowl  
 Judge J. Ide Mitchell.....George Woodward  
 Larry O'Neill.....Francis Byrne  
 A small boy.....George Clarke

"The Upstart" failed to secure a footing, and for good cause. Written under the Bernard Shaw formula, it lacked nothing of that writer's audacity in theories, but it did lack his personal vogue and authority. Mr. Thomas Barry, the author of this new play, plainly has ability, but his intended satire failed because of the insincerity of it. Shaw's sincerity in some cases may be doubted, but he makes his characters animated and apparently in earnest as to their philosophy of life. Mr. Barry falls short in his technical skill in trying to accomplish like results. He introduces a young enthusiast into the house of a preacher whose austerity has suppressed the love of his wife and caused her to look elsewhere for sympathy and affection. The young enthusiast, coming as a guest to the house, at once announces to the preacher and the preacher's father, a lawyer who has been particularly active in divorce suits, his theory that wife and husband should be freed of obligations whenever the bond of matrimony became irksome. That is his propaganda. It is his mission in life to bring about the recognition of this truth. He overhears an interview between the preacher's wife and the chauffeur. He sees his opportunity and that he has a case in hand to work on. He enters into the matter with feverish exultation. In a hypothetical argument with the preacher he gets him to agree that a woman who has transferred her affections should be permitted to go with the consent of the husband. The wife was about to elope with the chauffeur at night. He counsels her to elope in broad daylight. She goes off with the chauffeur. The automobile breaks down and the last act is a series of dialogues between the persons concerned, the young enthusiast, the wife, the husband, the father, and the chauffeur. The wife discovers that the chauffeur once drove a taxi-cab, that she cannot live at the Plaza until a divorce be secured, and that the chauffeur did not contemplate immediate marriage. The husband arrives to give his consent to the freedom of his wife. This



EVA DAVENPORT, THE POPULAR COMEDIENNE, DRIVING HOME AFTER A BREAKDOWN

reconciles her to him, the chauffeur departs, and the young enthusiast is left on the stage (which is a more apt description than to designate the locality as the road) vigorously declaiming his theories as the curtain descends. Of course, the circumstances are all impossible. These are not reasonable people doing unreasonable things in a convincing way as Shaw would have it, but they are the puppets of Mr.

Barry. There is a distinction. Mr. Barry has ability enough and perhaps a sufficient understanding of how to conduct a dramatic action to overcome the distinction against him, but he fails in this play. The characterization of the husband is capital. In his austerity and in the discipline of his home he does not permit his wife to call him "Jim," and is a striking example of the denatured prelate. The wife is too silly to be human. The chauffeur, with his blarney and his sense of irresponsibility, is natural enough. The play misses fire and that is an end of it. Miss Cowl, with reasonable human motives back of her beauty, would go far to carry any play, but her character is a nonentity. Mr. John Westley has the burden of the play, and carries it with a youthful enthusiasm at once vitalizing and forceful in spite of the circumstances in which he acts. His theory is not unreasonable, but the conditions in which he works to demonstrate his convictions make his task in every way fruitless.

#### NAZIMOVA'S THEATRE. "MISS PATSY."

Farce in three acts by Sewell Collins. Produced August 29 with this cast:

Helen Burrelle.....	Dorothy Tennant
Minna Black.....	Adeline Dunlap
Pansy Hoffman.....	Ione Bright
Mrs. Lynch.....	Jennie La Mont
Ada.....	Maude Earle
Ida.....	Pauline Winters
Maizie.....	Myrtle Wellington
Marion.....	Eileen Jackson
Cassandra.....	Annie Buckley
Beckman.....	Dan Mason
Jacoby.....	Frank D. Dee
Clara Gilroy.....	Florence Nash
Rear Admiral Gilroy.....	Hardee Kirkland
Lieut. Paul Crawford.....	Laurence Wheat
Dr. Philip Gentry.....	Joseph Greybill
George Graham.....	Robert Kelly
Miss Patsy.....	Gertrude Quinlan

It is possible that the hostile critical reception of certain kinds of plays is in advance of the public attitude toward them. This exacting spirit of comment, however, indicates the passing of old methods in playwriting. Practically the entire body of farcical dramas, seen and applauded in the nineteenth century, were in the artificial manner of "Miss Patsy." The motives and situations were forced, but were accepted by audiences as the basis of an amusing play. In this view circumstances that are neither probable nor clearly elucidated will answer for the entertainment of audiences. Except for this blight of old methods, "Miss Patsy" gives assurance of capability and promise in the

(Continued on page xiii)



FRANCES DEMAREST

Who has made a hit as Lulu in "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam Theatre





Bangs

MARGARET MAYO, AUTHOR OF "BABY MINE," ETC.



White

EDGAR SELWYN, AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY BOY," ETC.

## A Wedded Pair of Successful Playwrights

BROADWAY, that human highway satiated by all the sensations, has had what it thought was no longer possible, a thrill of wonder. That which it had believed could never happen has happened. The authors of two of its chief successes this young season are a husband and wife, in no degree jealous of, but each rejoicing whole-heartedly in the other's success. Edgar Selwyn, in the struggle stage of the first week of his play "The Country Boy" on the road, learned of the success of Margaret Mayo's delicious farce, "Baby Mine," and sent her a long telegram ending with, "Above all, you deserve it." A week later he sat in one of the last rows of the balcony at the Liberty Theatre in New York watching "The Country Boy's" behavior in the big city. Miss Mayo sat beside him holding his hand, less for physical than for mental and moral support.

"It was the first time I have ever known him to keep his seat between acts," said the playwright wife of the playwright husband. "He has always bolted as soon as the curtain fell. But this time he sat staring at the curtain after it was down. He was very pale. When the curtain had gone down on the third act he still sat there and I said: 'Dear, you can safely go out now. I'm sure it's all right.'"

In the drawing-room, a handsome, rather conventional drawing-room, with no mascots nor theatrical portraits in view, they talked of these evenings and of other evenings and days that preceded them, in the ten years

since this wedded pair of playwrights began to climb the high hill of dramatic success.

"The first time I remember seeing Mr. Selwyn was outside a theatre in the South. We were both with 'Secret Service.' He was the poet of the company and had been a good deal petted for his accomplishment. He did write good verses. He writes good verses now. He was leaning against the wall of the theatre reading some new lines and I criticized them. He was a little angry, but —"

Little blonde, merry Miss Mayo, who bears an elusive resemblance to Maude Adams, curled up in a corner of the sofa and laughed at the recollection. Tall, dark, romantic-looking Mr. Selwyn, leaning forward in his chair, his hands clasped at attention, his eyes on his wife's face, joined in the laugh.

"Yes, I was a little angry, but—I began to be interested."

"From that time we were friends and we became very fond of each other," frankly supplemented Miss Mayo. "We were engaged for four years, but we didn't think we could afford to marry. Four years from the time we met we were playing in a stock company in Buffalo. One day we were walking past a jewelry shop and Mr. Selwyn said: 'Come in here.' I followed, thinking he wanted to ask me about a present for some one. He walked boldly up to the counter and asked for wedding rings. Before I had gotten my breath back he said:



MARGARET MAYO IN JERUSALEM  
With some new animal friends and a native guide



'Put out your hand.' Rather than make a scene there I put out my hand and a ring was found to fit it. But all the while I was thinking, 'Wait till we get outside. Won't I lay him out for this?' But words were lost on him. You can't scold a man who laughs until he is purple in the face."

"We went sight-seeing to Niagara and it struck me that it would be romantic to be married at Niagara Falls," said Mr. Selwyn. "We drifted aimlessly, as it seemed, into a store and I said: 'Do you know where we can find a Justice of the Peace?' A man in shirt sleeves came out from behind a stove and said: 'Right here! I'm him.' I said: 'We want to get married.' He said: 'Well, come along.' We followed him home and he opened the door into a little hall and called upstairs, 'Mother.' He called his wife 'Mother.' He wanted her to be a witness. We had to have two witnesses, so we called in a man who was painting the roof."

Miss Mayo took up the thread of reminiscences: "When we went back to Buffalo we didn't tell anybody we were married. The dear, good people would have spent their last penny for a wedding gift and salaries were small that season. We waited until we got back to the boarding-house in New York, the same boarding-house that Mr. Selwyn has put on the stage in 'The Country Boy,' and where Eleanor Robson and Zelda Sears lived."

"Madge Carr Cook was coming out the door as we arrived," interjected Mr. Selwyn. "I couldn't keep the news any longer and I said: 'We're married.' She said: 'I'm sorry I can't congratulate you.' That cold water, we found out afterwards, was thrown because she thought we were joking. It took a long time to convince her of the truth."

"Our honeymoon began in tears," laughed the bride of ten years ago. "I watched my husband unpack his grip. Manlike, he covered the bureau with his brushes and combs and shaving mug and things, and took all the hooks for his clothes. I sat on the edge of the bed and began to cry. It was a long time before he could get me to tell what was the matter. Then I confessed: 'I know I shall lose all my individuality and just become a part of you.'"

"I assure you she has kept her individuality." Her husband uttered the words with conviction.

Behind this newly wedded pair were years of actorial experience, and but one play each. Miss Mayo's bent toward expression by writing, having been straightened by the advice of a professor of English in the University at Palo Alto, where she took

a course in journalism, and who said: "Mark Twains aren't born every day. I wouldn't try to be funny if I were you," she had gone on the stage and tried to forget that she ever wanted to be a writer. It was only when she had thought of filling in a few weeks in vaudeville and dramatized "Under Two Flags" in one act that she again sought her pen. The playlet served its purpose. She was enough encouraged to try her luck again.

Mr. Selwyn, fired by the martial echoes from Cuba, had written a melodrama, "The Rough Rider's Romance," which had had a promising first night in Elizabeth. This the author quite forgot while he was playing Tony in "Arizona" at the Herald Square Theatre, but faithful friends, among them Winchell Smith, coming back from the Jersey premiere awakened him to celebrate his success. "The Rough Rider's Romance" lived a fairly long and prosperous life on the road.

But neither regarded seriously these infant débuts. Mr. Selwyn's star was rising, and his salary was waxing as a leading man. Miss Mayo was absorbed in his success and her own. She played well a supporting part in "Pretty Peggy." It was not until she left the stage that she took up her forgotten pen. She dramatized "The Jungle" and "The Marriage of William Ashe." She wrote "An Austrian Dancer."

"I have only written two original plays," she said. "Polly of the Circus" and "Baby Mine."

Mr. Selwyn's apprenticeship is shorter. "Father and Son" for William Norris preceded by a year his "Pierre of the Plains," in which he was the star.

"It was only when I stopped playing, a year ago last November, that I actually and seriously tried to write a play."

"Yes," agreed his wife. "I had had years the start, because I was able to concentrate on one thing, my writing, and Mr. Selwyn had to think of so many things—the play, the company, his own part."

"When I was playing Pierre, for instance," went on Mr. Selwyn, "I didn't think of the play on the first night. I was first the actor, and concentrated on getting my part over the footlights."

Both laughed when I asked them to compare their methods of playwriting.

"Mrs. Selwyn lies on the floor or in bed and rests her weight on one elbow, and scribbles away like mad with the other arm."

"That's true," she confessed. "After I wrote 'Baby Mine' I had a dreadful pain in my shoulder, and I went to see an osteopathist about it. She said: 'Why, how (Continued on page xi)



Coover

MME. PILAR MORIN

This gifted French artiste has recently been applauded at a special matinée of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Liberty Theatre



# The Hat in the Theatre

"WILL you please remove your hat?"

It was a quiet-looking woman who made the request of another woman sitting in front of her in a New York Theatre.

There was no response and the curtain was up, with actors talking. The request was repeated, and the woman under the hat turned half-way around and glared.

Then it happened. The quiet-looking woman made a lightning grab at the offending head-piece and off it came. Not only the hat, but "rats," bandeaux, curls, switches, ribbons, nets, combs, hairpins and other component parts of a modern coiffure, were dragged away in a straggling mass. It was an awful wreck.

The owner of the hat became hysterical, but the woman who had vindicated her right to an unobstructed view of the stage fixed her gaze thereon and seemed to be enjoying the performance. She had found it impossible to see through her neighbor's millinery, and, backed by the obvious sympathy of people around her, had taken the only course that occurred to her to get it out of the way.

This was an exceptional incident, of course. So thoroughly has the rule been established that women shall not wear hats in theatres that it is very seldom indeed nowadays that an opportunity is offered for a rebuke involving force of arms. If a woman forgets to take off her hat before the curtain rises, a gentle hint is all that is necessary to make her obey a custom now imbedded in the very foundation of theatre etiquette.

The present younger generation can hardly believe that there was a time when women never thought of taking off their hats in a theatre, even in the parquette. Such was the case. The hats were as large then as in these days. Yet there they always were in the theatre, wagging about all over the auditorium, shutting off everything but themselves from at least fifty per cent. of the audience.

It had been a long standing grievance with men ever since the first theatre was built in America. Protests were many, but the women were obstinate and nothing was done in the matter of mitigating the nuisance until Daniel Frohman bravely took the matter in charge. In the late eighties, when he was manager of the cosy little Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue, he entered on a campaign to keep women's hats out of his playhouse. He went about it diplomatically. It was a problem that must be handled with the utmost delicacy, but the construction of his building helped him, and his keen observation of feminine nature did the rest. Let the women think he had no purpose but to favor them, and they would take off their hats as naturally as men.

First of all he persuaded the lady members of his own immediate family to remove their hats, and they in turn prevailed upon their friends to do so. At first these ladies, appearing hatless in the auditorium in violation of all tradition, created a mild sensation, and they were regarded as little better than freaks; but soon common sense prevailed. The audience got accustomed to seeing them and other women began to imitate their good example. Mr. Frohman furnished a commodious retiring-room adjoining the main lobby of the Lyceum, and, besides putting in all the toilet requisites, such as large mirrors, dressing tables and comfortable chairs, he had a sufficient number of hooks placed on the walls to accommodate all the hats likely to come in on any ordinary nights. The room being so conveniently situated, it was easier for a lady coming in to hang her hat there than to take it into the theatre. The first night that the hooks were there only a few of them were used, but on the second and third nights many more hooks carried hats, for the news of the innovation had spread and everybody wanted to try the experience of not wearing a hat in a theatre. In a week the whole parquette of the Lyceum was occupied by bareheaded people of both sexes, and men who had not seen a theatrical performance in comfort since, as boys, they used to frequent the gallery, had come into their own.



Photo Genthe

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Now appearing in Percy MacKaye's new comedy "Anti-Matrimony"

The other managers had been watching Mr. Frohman's proceedings with curiosity, and when they found his plan was a success, all hastily made provision for the care of women's hats. Not all of them had the space for hooks, but they did as well as they could, and meantime the gospel of Uncovered Heads for Women in Theatres was preached vigorously in the newspapers. It took some time for the rule to become general. Years passed before every woman in a theatre removed her hat, but it came at last, and for the past twenty years the custom has been imperative.

The writer asked Daniel Frohman the other day whether he had much trouble in persuading his fair patrons to fall in with his rule when it was first established in the old Lyceum.

"No," he answered, promptly. "The ladies saw that it would be beneficial to them, as well as to their neighbors in a theatre.



Sitting behind another woman's big hat is as disagreeable to a woman as to a man. I don't see how they stood it in the old days. Still, some women didn't like the idea of taking off their hats, and there arose a demand for back row seats, where, as nobody was sitting behind them, they could keep their hats on. The private boxes became extraordinarily popular for the same reason."

"But why didn't they want to take off their hats?"

A slow smile crept over Mr. Frohman's face—the smile of a student of human nature, who was amused by what he had observed.

"Think a moment, and it will be clear enough to you," he said. "The hat is the most important item in the feminine make-up. When a clever woman chooses a hat, she is careful that the shadows it casts on her face are becoming to her. Every hat throws its own set of shadows, and I doubt whether any two hats produce exactly the same shadow effect. A woman can alter the whole contour of her countenance by wearing a hat of a certain shape. If her face is thin, she will select a large hat, which will give the impression of plumpness, and a different kind of hat if her face is full. Every woman knows this, and most of them are aware that it is the varying shadows which bring the different effects. Without her hat many a woman loses much of her picturesqueness—or thinks she does, which comes to the same thing."

"That's why hats are generally worn in the private boxes, then?"

"To some degree, yes. Still, it has always been customary for women to keep on their hats in boxes.

The removal of hats, in the first place, when the rule became established, was requested for the convenience of people sitting behind their wearers. Some women who did not care to sit with uncovered heads, and yet would not willingly annoy others in the theatre, took to wearing small bonnets. That was the genesis of the 'theatre toque'—a small, close-fitting bonnet, which could be made extremely decorative without filling a lot of space, like the ordinary picture hat. The vogue of the toque did not continue very long, however. Women fell into the way of dressing their hair for the theatre."

"Why?"

"Well, largely, I think, because it is the fashion in London. There you do not see hats in boxes any more than in the stalls or dress circle, and I notice that there is a disposition on the part of New York ladies to appear hatless in the boxes."

"Does London set our theatre fashions, then?"

"It gives us a hint in some respects. For example, London is responsible for our men wearing evening dress in theatres. At one time they did it only on first nights or on other special occasions, but now it is the custom to come in regulation dress attire for any performance in a Broadway theatre."

"And, of course, that pleases the manager," I suggested. "It dresses his house."

"The manager is more interested in dressing his box office," returned Mr. Frohman, with another of his characteristic smiles. "Still, the tendency toward evening dress has more than one side that concerns the manager of the theatre. Among other things, it has changed the fashionable theatre party night from Friday to Saturday. This has been done by the women, too."

"How?"

"Well, it is generally the women who regulate man's amusements, especially those of a social nature. It is difficult to get the average man into evening clothes on a Friday, when he knows he has to go to his office early the next morning. He does not want the bother of it. Not only will he have to make a complete change of attire from that of the night before, which is a tiresome task to some men, but the chances are that, with the supper after the theatre, he is kept out so late, he is unfit for business the next day. But on Saturday it is different. He can get up on Sunday whenever he likes, and he has all day to rest. So Saturday is the big night in most New York theatres—in the parquette and boxes, as well as the gallery—and Friday



Moffett

ANNIE YEAMANS

In the character of Mrs. Sophie Adams in "The Echo" at the Globe Theatre

is like any other night of the week, neither better nor worse. I noticed it here, in my own theatre, the Lyceum, first, as was natural. Then I looked into other houses, in a spirit of curiosity, and found the same conditions in them."

The connection between "hats off for women" in the theatre, and the changing of the fashionable night of attendance from Friday to Saturday, is something that has not been generally recognized. Yet, as explained by Daniel Frohman, it can be seen that it is entirely logical.

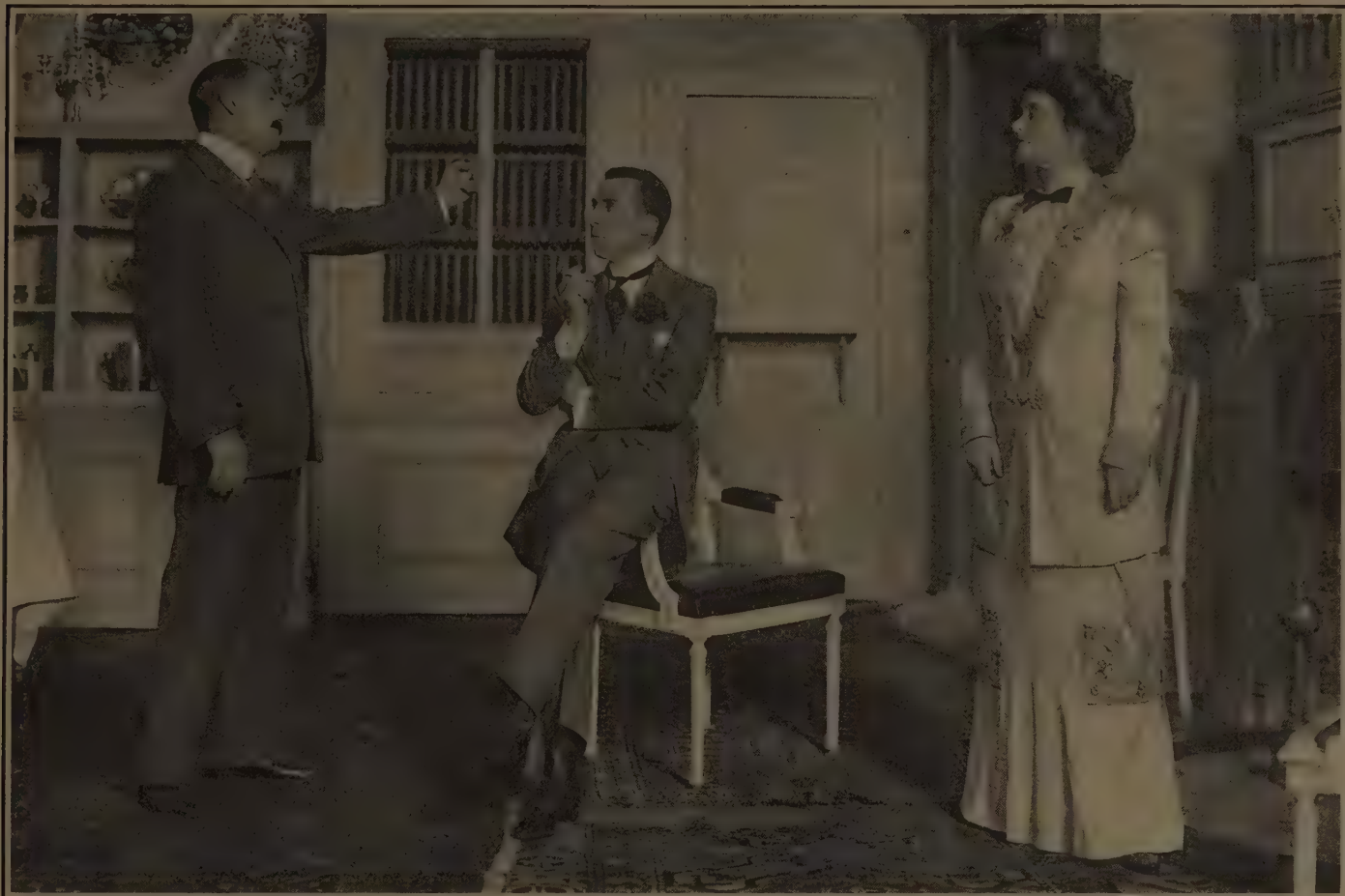
"You did not anticipate such a result when you provided the hooks for women's hats in 1886, I suppose?" I said to him as I was leaving his office in the Lyceum.

"My only idea was to let all the patrons of my theatre have a clear view of the stage," was the manager's reply.

GEO. C. JENKS.



Scenes in W. Somerset Maugham's New Comedy "Smith" at the Empire



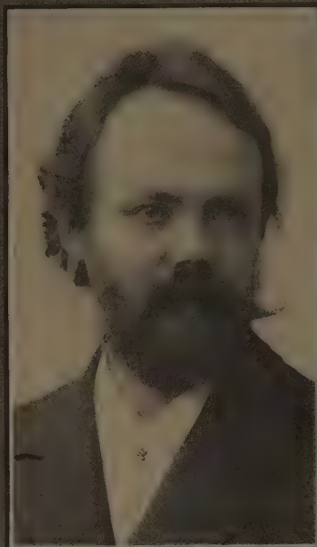
Copyright Charles Frohman      John Drew      Hassard Short      Isabel Irving  
 ACT I. THOMAS FREEMAN (JOHN DREW): "THERE SHOULD REALLY BE AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR THE IDLE RICH"



Copyright Charles Frohman      Hassard Short      Jane Laurcl      Morton Seltén      Isabel Irving      John Drew      Sibyl Thorndike  
 ACT II. ALGY (HASSARD SHORT): "I DON'T KNOW ANY SPECTACLE MORE ENTERTAINING THAN A QUARREL BETWEEN NEAREST AND DEAREST"



# THE COMING SEASON OF MUSIC IN NEW YORK



Courtesy Musical America Humperdinck



Debussy



Mascagni



Puccini

WORLD-FAMOUS COMPOSERS WHO WILL COME TO NEW YORK THIS WINTER TO WITNESS PERFORMANCES OF THEIR WORKS

ARTISTS, great and small, impresarios, eager and ambitious, all are preening themselves for the coming season of music in New York. This is the winter Mecca of those who live and thrive by voice and violin and by all other musical means. And from now on, incoming liners will be as floating aviaries, the human song birds turning their heads and voices hither. For weeks the readers of daily newspapers will not be able to escape the details of just how many gowns Signora So-and-So brings in, just how eccentric a hat is worn on landing by Miss This-and-the-Other, and how Madama X. Y. Z. managed to arrive in a hugging hobble and in good voice.

There is a much more serious side to it all. For the first time in four years New York has got to worry its way through the winter with but a single grand opera house to its artistic credit. Everyone knows by now that Oscar Hammerstein has resigned from the field of grand opera, and that the Manhattan Opera House will not house a competitive company. In a word, the Metropolitan Opera House is to have its own way, absolutely and unhampered again, its directors having bought Oscar Hammerstein's interests and most of his artists.

The direct result is bound to be that the public will have to content itself with far fewer operatic novelties this winter. It will also have to be satisfied with what promises to be almost a peaceful opera season. Rival sopranos will live under one operatic roof, and their eternal woes will not be aired with quite so much avidity. There will not be that constant detail of bickering between contending forces.

Who knows but what the effect may be an artistically happy one for the public? Music and peace ever went hand in hand. So those who love sensation may well prepare themselves to find disappointment a-plenty this winter—while those who revel in music will find that the fast approaching season has more than ample to offer to the devotees of opera house and concert hall. Compared to last season the list may be meagre—but last season was nothing short of a glut of music that left the public suffering from artistic indigestion. So with

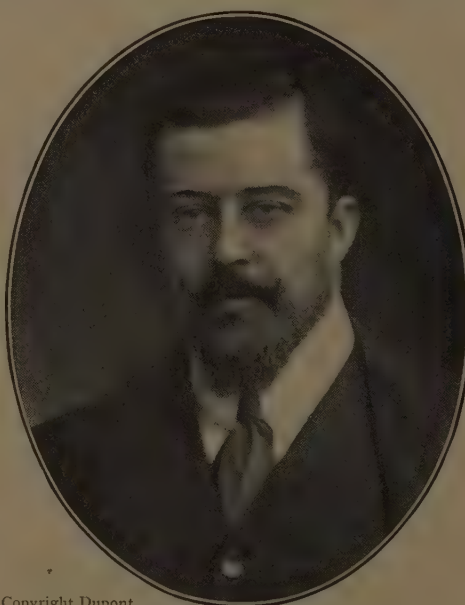
the prospect of a normal winter of music let us all rejoice.

The real centre of interest of every New York music season is the opera. There is now but one opera house, and Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza is its artistic head. It will be his first season in the position of lone dictator at that institution, and the outcome of his labors will be watched with public interest. There will be twenty-two weeks of opera, consisting of the usual Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday nights and Saturday matinées. There will be a limited number of Saturday night performances, and in addition ten Tuesday night performances of French opera will be given—of the latter more anon.

And the particular high and bright light of this entire season of opera promises to be the first performance on any stage of Giacomo Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." This opera's libretto is fashioned by Zangarini and Civini, based upon David Belasco's well-known play of the same title. Great things are expected of this opera and of its production. Puccini will doubtless attend the première in person, and Toscanini will conduct. Emmy Destinn, in the title rôle; Caruso, as the Road Agent, and Amato as the Sheriff—these are the three important figures in the opera. But there are a number of vital secondary rôles; and as the composer is said to have vested these parts with musical difficulties, it is more than likely that the cast will pretty nearly resemble an all-star aggregation.

Engelbert Humperdinck's newest opera "Königskinder"—"Children of the King"—ranks next in importance among the Metropolitan novelties. This work is also said to have its first production on any stage at the Metropolitan this winter, although the German Kaiser has protested and has declared that a German opera house ought to be the scene of the birth of this new work. Whether the Kaiser's wish shall prevail over the

tract of the Metropolitan—that remains to be seen and heard. At all events, when "Königskinder" is heard here, Humperdinck will be present as guest of honor. It may be recalled by the old guard, who frequented the Irving Place Theatre some years ago, that there they saw a fairy tale of the same title, the star of the cast



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SIGNOR GATTI-CASAZZA

Artistic dictator of the Metropolitan Opera House this season





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BESSIE ABBOTT

American prima donna who will create the title rôle in Mascagni's "Ysobel"

surely take its place as equal in importance with a brand new work.

In addition to these assured novelties there is a scant chance that Debussy may finish his "Tristan" in time for production here. In that case it will be performed, and the composer will visit New York for the première of the work. This will swell the list of visiting musical notables by one very prominent personality.

That is a bird's-eye view of the new features of the Metropolitan season, so far as new operas are concerned. In the matter of singers, about the same list of principals will again be heard—Caruso, Farrar, Destinn, Fremstad, Amato, Scotti and the rest of familiar voices, and Melba will probably appear several times. Toscanini and Hertz will be the conductors. Those two Russian dancers—Pavlowa and Mordkin—who created such furore last season, will again return for a limited engagement.

And now for the Tuesday night Metropolitan performances. There will be ten of these, given by the Chicago branch of the Metropolitan, which will play a ten weeks' engagement in Philadelphia. During its stay in that city it will make weekly

being Agnes Sorma. There was also incidental music by Humperdinck. Well, the new opera is based upon the same text; and as Humperdinck is known as the past grand master at imprisoning behind the bars of his music the spirit and feeling of a fairy tale—remember "Hansel und Gretel"—then "Königskinder" may be looked forward to with much delight.

A third new work of great interest will be Paul Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue." The composer is known in this country by some charming orchestral compositions, while in Paris he has won laurels with the above named opera. And the fourth addition to the list of new offerings will be Glück's "Armide"—which can scarcely be called a novelty. But if given the artistic care that was bestowed last season upon the revival of the same master's "Orfee ed Eurydice," "Armide" will

visits to the Metropolitan. Dippel is the head of this organization, while Cleofonte Campanini, well remembered by reason of his artistic zeal at the Manhattan Opera House for years, will be the conductor. The company will include many singers from the Manhattan, headed by Mary Garden, Maurice Renaud, Sammarco, John McCormack, Bressler-Gianoli, Marguerite Sylva and the rest. This company is expected to present several novelties in New York, including Nuges' "Quo Vadis," and Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII."

Then there are to be opera performances of lighter calibre at the Manhattan Opera House. "Hans, the Flute Player," a Paris success, the music by Ganne, is to be heard at the Manhattan, under the title of simply "Hans." The star is to be Sophie Brandt, well known on Broadway as a comic opera singer. Later the

same opera house will witness performances of an opera comique that is being composed by Victor Herbert, in which Trentini—of the former Manhattan company—is to star. So the Manhattan Opera House is not to be without musical offerings after all.

The New Theatre will not have its bi-weekly performances of opera this season, as it had last year. But neither will it be barren of opera, for there "Ysobel" will have its first presentation upon any stage. This new opera is being composed by Pietro Mascagni, and the star of the cast is to be Bessie Abbott. Mascagni will come to this country to conduct the work and also to appear as concert leader. "Ysobel," the text of which concerns itself with the tale of Lady Godiva's famous unclad ride, will tour the country after its New York season.

An English version of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" will probably be presented by Henry W. Savage later in the season. With Chicago and Philadelphia supplied for long seasons by the western branch of the Metropolitan company, and with Boston boasting its own opera house, the country at large will not starve its ears in longing for opera.



EDMOND CLEMENT

Noted French lyric tenor who will be heard in concert



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CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI

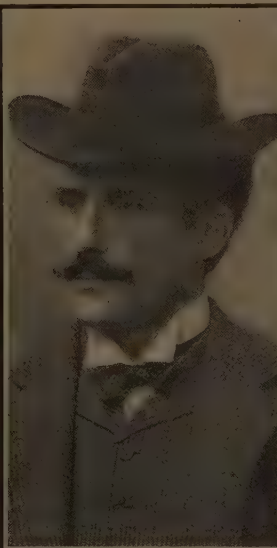
Who returns to this country to conduct opera



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NELLIE MELBA

Noted diva who will be heard in concert and opera



ARTURO TOSCANINI

Who will conduct Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West"



SOPHIE BRANDT

Prima donna of "Hans" at the Manhattan Opera House



ADOLPHE BORCARD

French pianist who will appear in America for the first time





White

A NEW PORTRAIT OF CLARA LIPMAN

Of concerts, New York is to have its fill and more. The Philharmonic Society, conducted by Gustav Mahler, the New York Symphony Orchestra, led by Walter Damrosch, the Boston Symphony, with Max Fiedler as batonist, the Russian Symphony Orchestra—these will keep New Yorkers supplied with concerts about every few minutes during the season. There will be week-day concerts and Sunday concerts—afternoon concerts and evening concerts, to say nothing of morning, noon and night recitals. F. X. Arens, with his People's Symphony Orchestra, will continue his educational work among the wage earners, while the Young People's Symphony Concerts will supply music and education to both young and old of the more affluent residents. The Volpe Symphony Orchestra will again appeal to its particular clientèle, and there will be other sporadic concerts without number.

There will doubtless be many orchestral novelties brought to hearing during this full season of concert giving. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, for instance, plans to give voice to quite a number of compositions by Fritz Delius, an English composer, who has recently come into his own in his native country and in Germany. He has spent several years of his life in these beloved United States, and some of his writings contain tone pictures of incidents of the South.

Nor will chamber music be neglected or forgotten. The Kneissels will again be much in evidence, so will the Flonzaleys. Choral concerts by the Musical-Art Society and the Oratorio Society will prevail, as usual.

The list of visiting singers contains the names of favorites, great and old and new, as well as the mention of some unfamiliar ones. It will also be noted, however, that the names of some very prominent artists are missing, such as Paderewski and Fritz Kreisler, but still the array of visitors will serve, especially as it is to be liberally reinforced by many of the opera artists who are to appear in concert as well.

Melba is here for a long concert tour in the Canadian country and occasional opera appearances in Chicago and New York. Marcella Sembrich comes for a brief, busy season of recitals, in which art she is past mistress. Schumann-Heink is again to tour the length and breadth of this land in concert and recitals. Farrar, Gadske, Louise Homer, Lina Cavalieri, Constantino and Clarence Whitehill will be heard in concert now and again.

Josef Hofmann returns to charm once more by his piano playing, and so does Ferruccio Busoni come again to repeat and add to his last season's triumphs. These shining, brilliant lights of the keyboard are well known, but this winter they will meet with an unfamiliar rival, Adolphe Borchard, a French pianist, who visits these music-thirsty shores for the first time.

Among violinists Mischa Elman, Jaroslav Kocian, Francis MacMillen, Maud Powell and Albert Spalding—the latter three staunch Americans—stand prominently forth.

Special mention must be made of two opera tenors who, for this season, have forsaken the footlights and are going to devote themselves to the concert stage. They are Edmond Clément, that exquisite French tenor, who was a member of the French Metropolitan wing last season, and Alessandro Bonci, that charming Italian lyric singer, known to frequenters of both the Manhattan and Metropolitan.

The Philharmonic Society announces the appointment of Loudon Charlton as manager of the Philharmonic Orchestra. The object in view in placing this time-honored organization into experienced managerial hands is an immediate broadening of the scope of the orchestra's activities both in New York and outside cities. The increased number of local concerts permits a proportionately lower scale of subscription prices than heretofore.

This roster is by no means complete, but it will give the reader a very fair and comprehensive idea of what is schemed and planned for the amusement and edification of the music-loving public during the onrushing season. It is also more than sufficient to convince foreigners that so far as music is concerned, New York may proudly rear its head with the busiest of melodious old world capitals.



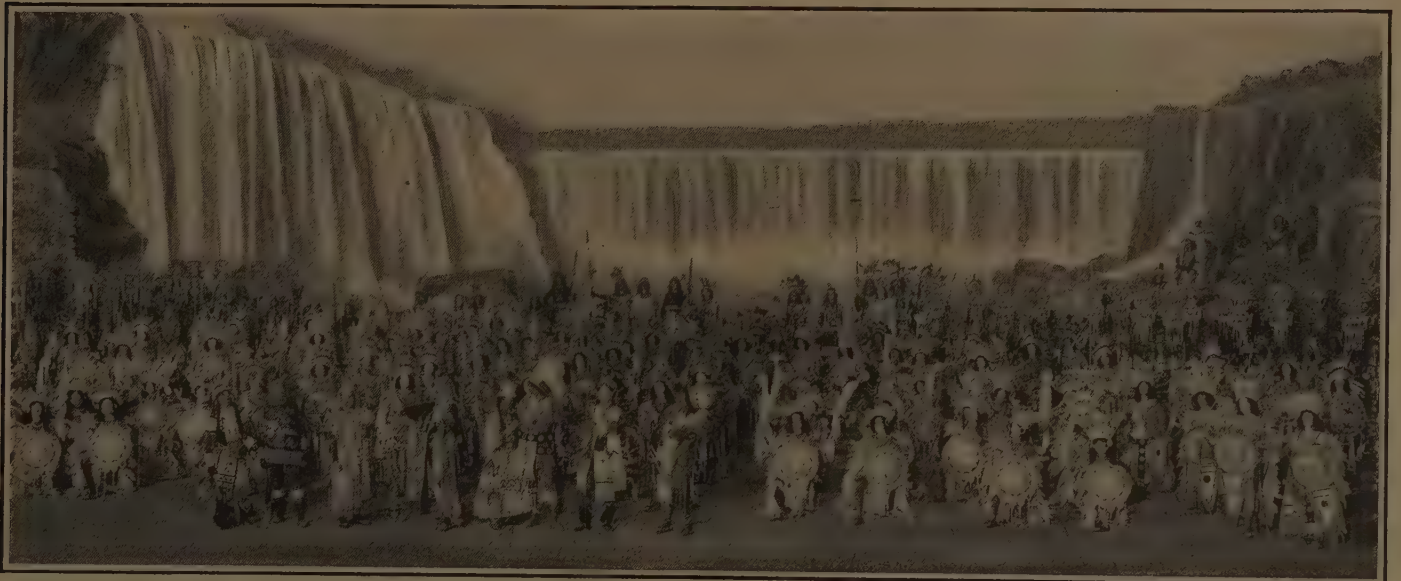
Scenes in the Sumptuous New Spectacle at the New York Hippodrome



ACT I. SCENE IN "THE INTERNATIONAL CUP"



ACT II. THE BABY NUMBER IN "THE INTERNATIONAL CUP"



THE BALLET OF "NIAGARA"





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MADAME EDVINA AS MELISANDE

Mme. Edvina, who in private life is the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwardes, made one of the great operatic successes at Covent Garden last season. A great society favorite, she made her debut two years ago as Marguerite in "Faust" and later sang the title rôle in "Louise" with much success.

## The Passion Play as I Saw It

By Helen Ware

**I**F I tried to summarize my impressions of the Passion Play in one sentence I should say that what most appealed to me was the absence of obvious acting.

Assume that the project of bringing those simple Bavarian players to this country were carried out, I can conceive that the lack of the majestic mountain background of their lives, the burning semicrescent of footlights, the garishness of our playhouses in contrast with the rough board walls of their temporary theatre, the fashionable audience in evening dress instead of the tailor frocked, earnest faced tourists to whom they have hitherto played, would smother the simple talents and diminish the effect of the home-made actors of Oberammergau.

Assume something still less feasible, that an energetic New York manager should organize a company of the best actors and actresses in this country and carry it to Germany to present the Passion Play. Here again I believe there would be a loss of effect, for the actors could not restrain the temptation to act, and

to so act that the acting would be obvious. I can fancy an actor cast for the great part of Judas and his irresistible temptation to outvillain that arch villain.

The players in this great spectacle do not seem to act. They seem to live the parts. Were they to be imported to this country they would have the immense advantage over the American company exported to Europe for the same representation, that they look like the characters they represent. Perhaps it is because they have lived all their lives in the atmosphere of the great spiritual drama that there is in Oberammergau a man who looks as though he had walked out of one of the great Italian canvasses of the Christ, and that there goes about his daily work in the little mountain village a man with all the shifty, frowning, furtive likeness of the betrayer of the Savior. We come to look like our thoughts, and the thoughts of the Oberammergau man or woman is ever upon the play. No sooner is one of the decade productions finished than the work for the next begins. They labor for nine years and rest not in the tenth.

On the evening of my arrival, the day before the performance, I went to the little pottery shop kept by the man who plays the Christ. As is the custom there, his name, Anton Lang, was above the door. It was a tiny shop, like the rest, not so large as any of the booths at the Actors' Fund Fair. He stood behind the counter and I knew him at once, for he seemed one of the great pictures of The Greatest Man. There were the wonderful blue eyes that seemed to see far beyond this life into a better. There was the thick, wavy auburn hair. There were the noble features. There was the atmosphere of majesty tempered by gentleness. I was almost too awed to speak.

It seemed desecration for me to pick up the little brown vase with green daisies burned into it and ask this wonderful man the price. But he had evidently been visited by many other actresses suffering from stage fright, and he was quite at his ease and endeavored to put me in the same state.

I told him I was an American actress who had traveled a long way to see the play. He told me several actresses had called on him and he mentioned particularly Olga Nethersole.

The next day I sat for eight hours witnessing the play. Measured by the ordinary technical standards it had no dramatic worth. Yet I sat interested always, and "choked" up part of the time. If the aim of acting is to stir the emotions, then the acting of these mountain peasants achieved its object. For they banished critical judgment, pushed Judge Reason from his bench, and triumphed by making us feel.

Anton Lang was superb and moving in the scene of The Last Supper. He was a sublime picture as he hung upon the cross, and though I knew just how it was done, how the fingers were tied and the palms of the hands stained, I was as much wrought upon emotionally as though I had not known. When the blood gushed from the wound in his side I was as much startled as though I had seen an actual assault with intent to kill.

But Judas seemed to me the greatest actor of them all. Like the rest he did not seem to act, but to live the part. While he sat with the other disciples at The Last Supper he seemed to be with, but not of them. He never lifted his head. Now the actual actor, even though a very good actor, would have been acting out toward the audience. But not Adolph Zwink, the peasant actor. He sat at the table, but not squared before it as sits a welcome guest. He sat sideways with bent head, looking down, always down.

The men were better actors than the women. They seemed to feel the parts more.

Yet I would rechristen the production if I might. I would call it "The Passion Pictures," for to me it was not a sustained drama, but a series of wonderful tableaux. The feature that seemed superfluous, or at least redundant, for it could have been lessened and the day's sitting on rude benches been shortened, without dramatic loss, was the chorus. There was, as often occurs on Broadway, too much of the chorus. We could have been content with far less.



# Some Theatrical Memories of Other Days

**T**HROUGH a haze of years I look back and see a girl, tall and lithe, with clear, compelling eyes, warm-tinted hair rippling back from a forehead smooth as marble, a complexion of white and pink, and the profile of a maid of old Greece. It was in a hotel parlor that I first saw her. I knew little of her, except that she was beautiful, and that her name was Mary Anderson.

Upon the invitation of her stepfather, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, I had gone to her hotel. On my way I speculated considerably about this young actress, who had taken the West by storm, and now had come to New York to have the final stamp placed upon her success, and wondered what the fates ordained that I should have to do with her work.

Then I saw Miss Anderson; the most impressive type of young womanhood that ever came within my horizon, and listened to a voice that was like the sweet murmur of a chant in the distance. She and I chatted casually for a brief period. I asked her how she liked New York. She did not like it much, not nearly so well as Louisville.

"But you are going to like it better," I remarked, "because New York is going to like you."

"Do you really think so?" She leaned forward with a sudden radiant smile and look of eager inquiry.

Afterward I talked business with Dr. Griffin, and, not then, but some years later, became Miss Anderson's manager under the direction of Joseph Brooks. It was at Booth's Theatre. I was right about New York liking her. The public flocked to this playhouse to see the young Kentucky girl who had risen so quickly into the firmament of dramatic stars.

After the first performances the manager does not watch the stage usually, except for business reasons; but night after night I used to stand "in front," because, however old the story of the play might be, the beauty and magnetism of Mary Anderson always were new to me.

It was not alone in the atmosphere of the theatre that I saw her. I remember vividly one afternoon at her Long Branch cottage. She gave a tea party on the lawn. The tables were spread there. The grass was our carpet and the branches of trees our ceiling. A merrier company never sat down to partake of refreshment, and the merriest of all was the girl who the night before had been the stately Galatea.

Afterward we went rowing on the little lake that reached into the grounds. Six of us got into one boat. It sank deep into the water; but our hostess insisted upon taking the oars, and she pulled with a sure and lusty stroke. We sang, and with the rhythmic swaying of her body and dipping of the blades she kept

By James W. Morrissey

time. She was not Mary Anderson the actress now, but Mary Anderson the high-spirited girl, with the world before her.

After the Booth's Theatre engagement Miss Anderson toured the country, winning national fame. She went to London and duplicated her American success. Her native land was proud of her, and its people everywhere came to speak of her as "Our Mary."

Cupid, as was natural, had been hovering about her. At last

he shot an arrow that went true to the mark. Miss Anderson married, and bade the stage farewell. She said that she would act no more.

This announcement was not received with entire seriousness. The fact was, few believed her. For years the plaudits of the crowd had been in her ears. She had fame, admiration, success such as does not come to many mortals, a life splendid in its inspirations. What woman, queried the doubters, could put behind her absolutely the intoxication of general adulation for the bonds of matrimony? Other famous actresses, they observed, had renounced the stage, and had returned to it. The exercise and expression of one's powers was the only real life, they said, and in the case of a woman with the beauty and dramatic gifts of Mary Anderson the stage would be beckoning constantly to her, and eventually she would respond.

Years passed, and she did not respond. Yet it is an adage in the rough that you never can tell about a woman. Until the end she may be expected to change her mind. It occurred to me that Mary Anderson might yield to the promptings of her dramatic temperament.

I interviewed a number of prominent persons, who had known her personally or had seen her act, and found that their desire was strong that "Our Mary" return to inspire and gratify them.

I drew up a letter, and had it written on parchment, embellished with silk brocade, and mounted in silver. The letter read as follows:

"DEAR MADAM: The undersigned would greatly appreciate the honor of a visit from you to the United States, whereby your genius once again can be made manifest to the men and women of your native land, thousands of whom, in the new generation, have not had the pleasure of beholding you, and who are eager to do homage to your noble and gracious presence.

"It is proposed that readings from the poets, especially Shakespeare, Tennyson and Longfellow, be embodied in your programs, the formation of which shall be left entirely to yourself; and your proposal that part of the gross receipts arising from each performance in every city of the United States be devoted to charity will be observed cheerfully, and executed by your prospective managers, Nelson Roberts and James W. Morrissey."



Copyright Downey

MARY ANDERSON





Copyright Chas. Frohman

AUDREY MAPLE AND ETHEL CADMAN IN "THE ARCADIAN"

This invitation was signed by Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew, General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, General and Mrs. Thomas L. James, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Charles J. Bonaparte, Archbishop Farley, W. Bourke Cochran, Clarence H. Mackey, John D. Crimmins, Bishop Potter, George B. McClellan, General Howard Carroll, W. W. Abeel, F. Egerton Webb, W. K. Vanderbilt, Henry Gilsey, Russell Sage, Edward Lauterbach, Senator Aldrich, W. G. Morse, Bishop D. H. Greer and Governor B. B. Odell.

I know of no other actress who has been honored by a like summons from distinguished fellow-countrymen. But this, of course, was to be reinforced by a more material and substantial inducement. I was authorized by Nelson Roberts to offer Madam de Navarros one hundred thousand dollars and a share in the receipts.

Like a fisherman with a strong confidence in his equipment for the cast, I embarked for England. In London I tarried a day, and then, without sending in advance any announcement of my coming, I journeyed down through sixty miles of orchard country to the village of Broadway, in Worcestershire.

I found it a quaint hamlet, with streets that rambled in a sort of easy-going manner, and houses that evidently were built at a time when architects thought more of substantiability than of

ornate effect, and yet which had a beauty all their own, that of a dignified simplicity. A peaceful village was Broadway. It seemed to be brooding on its centuries of memories.

The night of my arrival I spent in an ancient inn, where I was informed, Cardinal Wolsey had been entertained several times in the days of "Bluff King Hal." I should not like to testify in court that the great oak "four-poster" which received me into its soft depths was the very one in which the astute adviser of King Henry VIII. had composed himself to rest; but I let my fancy persuade me that it was. Indeed, my imagination turned back the dial of time some three hundred and fifty years and I was a courier with a message for the Queen. There was nothing in the furnishings of that primitive old room to interfere with this idea.

But suddenly the sunshine was streaming in, and the twittering of many birds was in my ears. It was a glorious day, this one which would be the real beginning, or would end my project. But of the latter possibility I did not permit myself to think. How could everything except trouble and perplexity end upon a day when all nature was expanding with joy and singing a chorus of thanksgiving?

When I asked a husky liveryman if he would consent to drive me over to Court Farm, the beautiful home of the de Navarros, he answered cheerily: "Aye sir, that I will! It's a pleasant place you're going to,

sir. Many's the visitor I've taken there."

For seven miles we drove through orchards white, pink and purple with blossoms, and as I went the delicately scented air, the well-kept houses that yet seemed to belong to another age, the cool and fragrant woods, the glimpses of rolling hills and pasture lands where cattle grazed, banished from my mind all wonder that Mary Anderson had not returned to the stage, and began to make me doubt whether after all I should be able to win her from a region so delightful.

"You're a stranger here, I see," remarked the driver as we reached a more populous part of the district.

I told him that I was.

"Per'aps you know, though," he went on, "that the mistress of Court Farm used to be in big plays up in London and in America before she came here, and had all the people cheerin' and clappin' hands because she was so great?"

I assured him that I had some knowledge of this fact.

"Well, you'd never think it from her way with us folks about here—she's so offhand and friendly-like. It's always a nod and a smile when we pass her on the road, and in the village she'll stop us with a 'Good mornin', John, and how's the wife, or how's the little one to-day?' She knows all our given names, sir, and when anybody has to take to bed with sickness, why, almost





SARAH BERNHARDT—THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING ACTRESS

This distinguished French tragedienne, who recently celebrated her sixty-sixth birthday, will return to the United States this coming Winter to make what is announced as "positively her last appearance in America." Mme. Bernhardt will be seen in all the rôles that her genius has made famous and possibly some that are new here

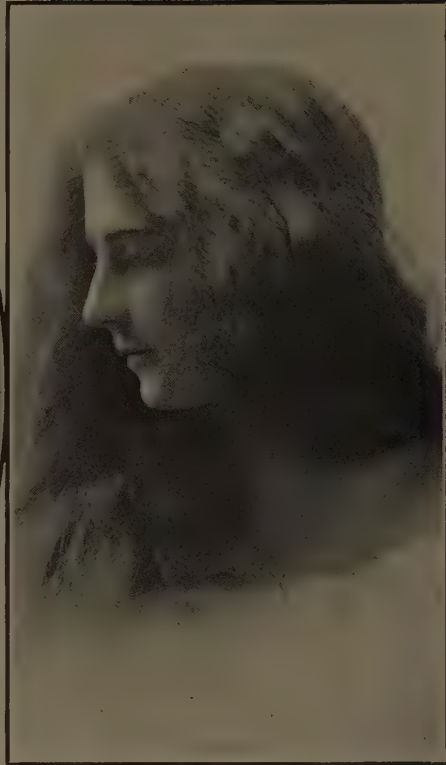




Mishkin  
GRACE MERRITT  
To be seen in the title rôle in "The Blue Mouse"



Bangs  
LILLIAN DERIMO  
A member of the Des Moines Stock Company



White  
EMMA COOKE  
Appearing in the musical comedy "The Merry Whirl"

before the news of it gets around the village her carriage will be at the door. She comes right in and makes herself at home, and the sick man, woman or child can't help but to feel better just from the sight of her. More than that, the Court Farm brougham rolls up again the same day and the footman jumps off the box with something. When you open it, sir, your mouth waters, because it's the very thing you've been cravin' for."

At last the surrey wheels crunched on a gravel roadway, and I was at the English home of Mary Anderson. It was a stone house, with turrets and ecclesiastical steeple. Ivy climbed the walls. It was not large, but it had a certain stateliness, and the flavor of age was on it. "This is just the kind of house," I commented to myself, "that I should have expected Mary Anderson to select for a home."

She rushed to the door as soon as I was announced, and at sight of me her face was illuminated by her old brilliant smile, and she held out both her hands in an impulsive way that I remembered well. "Why, Mr. Morrissey!" she cried. "Come in, come in! I'm truly glad to see a friend from dear New York."

As she smiled, and as the rich, moving tones of her voice fell upon my ears, I was carried back through the years. It was indeed the charming Mary Anderson of other days, her very self so well known in America.

"You've arrived opportunely," she went on. "We're just sitting down to luncheon. Over the tea-cups we can chat about old times."

In a little while, with beating heart, I will confess, for the decisive moment of my long journey had come, I placed in her hands the invitation. She scanned it eagerly.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed, holding it up to the light, and then, turning to Mr. de Navarro, she said: "Look, dear.

See the names of all these famous people. They want me to return to America."

I asked her to read it aloud. With a smile she consented. All the deep, musical notes of the voice that has thrilled great crowds, all the fine effects of unconscious eloquence, were still there. More than ever was I anxious that my mission be successful.

"Well," I said, drawing a long breath when she concluded, "is it all right? May I cable 'Yes' to New York to-night?"

Madame de Navarro at once became thoughtful. "I am deeply touched," she said slowly. "It is a very serious matter. I must think it over carefully. Give me a few days to decide—let us say a week."

"If you wish to go, you have my full consent," remarked her husband.

"I'll coax mamma to go," cried little Jose, their eight-year-old son, who had been hovering about with his eyes glowing with pleasant excitement at the thought of a trip to the United States.

Afterward I mentioned in detail the terms of the offer, and then Madame de Navarro led me along the wide hall to the farther end, where was spread out to my view a wide vista of fields and orchards and bits of woods. She called my attention to her flower gardens, to which she told me she was devoted. She told me, too, something of her interest in the people of the country-side, and how her little attentions had given her their affections in a degree that made it good to live among them.

The shadows were growing long across the road when I rode back to the station, exhilarated by my contact with the personality of Mary Anderson and her charming home-life.

In London the letter came informing me that she could not give it up, as follows:

### To a Veteran Critic

Strike still your futile stroke;  
Let no new thing be spoke,  
Thought, or acted.  
Damn all that is not stale,  
Sallowed with ethics pale;  
Let the dead past prevail;  
The present's distracted.

You, with your calling high,  
Put all great service by;  
Chose to be censor.  
Bitter with tongue and pen,  
Stranger to hearts and men,  
Raged when old truths, again  
New born, showed immenser.

You might have read the past;  
Found there the hope at last  
For now and to-morrow.  
But you close eyes to this,  
Read then and now amiss,  
Scorn worthy things, and hiss—  
O what a sorrow!

Men with a vision new,  
Men nearer truth than you,  
Earn but your rancor.  
E'en now we've glorious days;  
Yours might have been, to praise  
Leaders who sought new ways—  
Dared up with anchor.

Open your eyes and see;  
Time's yet in which to be  
True to your own times.  
All good that was, is now;  
New light strikes 'thwart the brow  
Truth wears. Be silent. Bow;  
Pray for your own crimes.

ROBERT WILSON NEAL.



"COURT FARM, BROADWAY,

"WORCESTERSHIRE, May 7, 1904.

"DEAR MR. MORRISSEY: With a deep sense of my unworthiness of the honor bestowed upon me by so many of America's most distinguished people, in both the religious and secular world, and with an intense feeling of gratitude for their kind thoughts and words, I still am compelled by conviction not to deviate from my resolution made fifteen years ago: not again to enter into the rush and excitement of public life. It is with real regret that I feel impelled to decline this unique request, signed by so many whom I admire and esteem.

"The wish on my part to contribute occasionally to the entertainment and support of the poor, it would seem, has been the source of the report that I was desirous of undertaking a concert tour on a charitable-financial basis. Nothing was or is farther from my mind. I have consented to help the poor here occasionally with whatever talent I may possess, but without remuneration to myself. I have appeared five times during the past year in the cause of charity, and I purpose reading again at the People's Palace, East End, on June 23. Further than this I never have considered the possibility of a professional return to the stage, concert or dramatic, notwithstanding the repeated flattering offers I have received since my retirement.

"Will you, therefore, kindly convey my sincerest thanks and



Bangs

MABEL TALIAFERRO

Who will be seen this season in a new play by Porter Emerson Browne called "The Little Mother"

regrets to my eminent compatriots, and accept the same for yourself. Indeed, I deeply appreciate all the trouble you have personally taken in the matter. Yours, dear Mr. Morrissey, with kindest regard,

Very truly,

"MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO."

So my mission apparently was over; and yet when I went to Broadway again to bid Madame de Navarro farewell, I felt that it had not failed altogether.

"You may rest assured of one thing, Mr. Morrissey," she remarked as we shook hands in parting, "if I ever do appear again on the stage in the United States, it will be under your management. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, after such a formidable list of distinguished men and women who have honored me with the invitation."

My return to London was more cheerful than my morning journey down to Broadway.

"Gentlemen," I said that night at a supper where I met the correspondents of a number of New York newspapers who had been eager to cable to the United States that Mary Anderson would return, "you may yet delight New York some morning with the news that

'Our Mary' is coming back. I have lived long enough to know that a woman's 'No' not infrequently is a 'Yes' in disguise."

**A**MONG all the commanding figures in the present day

## A Napoleon of the Vaudeville World

amusement world few have attained prominence more rapidly than William Morris, the well-known head of that enterprising vaudeville firm, William Morris, Incorporated. A Napoleon of the vaudeville world, he represents in his make-up every quality of the up-to-date showman. Although still in his thirties he has passed through more vicissitudes than many of the old-time impresarios. To-day he has a half dozen theatres in the largest cities under his own control, including the American and the Plaza, and a dozen more theatres are now being built for him in the West.

In 1884 William Morris, then a lad of eleven years, arrived in this country. He was born in Schwarzenau, Germany, and came here with his parents, who had relatives in America. Young Morris first was employed as driver of a coal and ice wagon, his weekly honorarium being exactly \$1.50. He attended night school and mastered the English language, after which he became clerk in a grocery store. At the end of three years he was earning a salary of twenty dollars a week. When only fifteen years of age he became the advertising solicitor for a publishing house and two years later was hailed as the wonder of the advertising business.

Shortly before the panic of the 'nineties, William Morris had reached an earning



White

WILLIAM MORRIS

Head of the Morris Vaudeville Circuit

firm to be thoroughly solvent, he allowed his account to run up, drawing only enough for his needs. When the panic arrived the firm failed and Morris was left penniless. A month later we find Morris employed in the home of his uncle, M. B. Leavitt, the pioneer theatrical manager. Through Leavitt Morris was introduced to George Liman, a vaudeville agent, who gave him a clerical position. The next morning Liman told Morris to "enter up" a list of all the available acts. Having no understanding of business terms, the young man sat for three hours trying to figure out what "enter up" might mean. Liman returned and discovering that Morris had done nothing, discharged him on the spot. He relented, however, on being importuned for another chance, but the following morning when the new clerk had written down "Trick Horse Act" for "Trick House Act," Liman "bounced" him once more.

It has often been said of William Morris that he could convince a man on any proposition if only given thirty minutes' time for argument. This trait must have developed early in his career, for Liman continued to employ him and in a short time when the agent was obliged to go to Florida for his health, Morris was placed in sole charge of his business. At this period the vaudeville (Continued on page x)



## A Rehearsal Chat with Miss Pauline Chase

WE talked of little Polly Chase, the vanished, and Miss Pauline Chase, the arrived. We considered the short-skirted, hair-in-braids, young person of the chorus, and the star newly glittering in the American heavens. We walked mentally around the Pink Pajama Girl of the perished Madison Square Theatre, and skirted Our Miss Gibbs of the Knickerbocker playhouse, and when we had done all this reconnoitering and manœuvering we were as strategists often are, surprised.

For we found Polly Chase of nine years ago and Pauline Chase of to-day one and indivisible, possessing the same qualities, presenting the same outward semblance, unchanged within and without, in all essentials the same.

We remembered her pink and she came back to us pink. It was in the famous pink pajamas, famous on two continents, in which she tumbled about in a boarding school dormitory, that she made her first big hit. As she slipped into the star dressing-room from the stage of the Empire Theatre, breathless from her dance with Ernest Lambert, wiping the drops of perspiration from a childish face, she was still pink. Pink as to face and pink as to the muslin frock, the skirt turned up revealing three inches of lace ruffles of an apparent petticoat, and turned down at the throat, showing a wee lace chemisette with a blue ribbon.

One always thinks pink when she sees the star of "Our Miss Gibbs." It may be the memory of the radiant pajamas. Or it may be the faint pink tide that always surges through her delicate cheeks. Or it may be that there is a suggestion of the half opened rosebud in her elusive personality. But it is there and Ellen Terry recognized it, for the first time she met the small American she took her in her arms and wept over her and said: "Forgive my tears, dear child. You seem to me a little pink ghost of myself. I see in you the Ellen Terry of nearly fifty years ago."

Sitting far forward in the large easy chair of the star's dressing-room, that her toes might touch the floor and support her dignity, Our Miss Gibbs told me of the sailing away of Polly Chase the Pink Pajama Girl, seven years before.

"I was very anxious to see London. It was not my first trip. I had been over with my father and mother when I was five years old, but I had only one distinct recollection of it. That was of a kind of candy I had had in London and had never tasted since. I spent a good deal of time on the voyage wondering whether I could find that kind of candy again and asking my mother to try to remember where she had bought it." A little, apologetic laugh and a stronger rush of the pink tide in her cheeks. "I got the candy. It was made of cocoanut covered with sugar."

"And when Miss Pauline Chase came back to this country she

thought a great deal about ——— ?" prompted the interviewer.

"About whether they would still remember and care about the Pink Pajama Girl," she said. "I hoped they would. But they had seen many plays and many girls, and many stars, and I didn't know."

We bridged the going of Polly Chase and the return of Pauline Chase with impressions of those seven success-bringing years in England.



Bangs

PAULINE CHASE

"I played one of the young girls in 'Alice in Wonderland.' It was while I was rehearsing in that play that Miss Terry watched me rehearse and then told me that I reminded her of her girl self. I played the title rôle of 'The Little Japanese Girl,' which was a good deal like 'Madame Butterfly.' It was a one-act play and I died in it. I liked that." She laughed with the laughter of a subdued child. "I played Nan the Scapegrace in a one-act play of that name. Then I was one of the twins in 'Peter Pan' for two years. And for four years I have been playing Peter Pan. I have played Peter Pan a thousand times. I love it and I know I shall never have a better part because no part could be quite better adapted to me nor I to it. I am to play it again at Christmas in London. I hope I shall go on playing it always. I expect to, for I believe that 'Peter Pan' will go on forever.

"I played it in London and Paris and on tour. We began playing it each Christmas and played till the end of the season. But before the opening of the Christmas season I played in the other things I've mentioned.

"It may surprise you and perhaps you'll disapprove, but I haven't studied the English stage very much, and I haven't studied anything on that side. I don't believe in much study for the stage. I think it weighs one down with

rules and makes one unnatural. I went a good deal away from the stage and met people and studied them. The real study of the stage is the study of life. I am interested in people and always study them, unconsciously perhaps, but I take them in and catalog them and store them away in my memory for future use.

"I had started to say 'for inspiration,' but there aren't many persons who have the gift of inspiring us, and I met only three in England. They were Miss Terry and Mr. Barrie and Mr. Frohman. The wonderful love the public bears her was the inspiration I had from Miss Terry. I saw that she was nice to everyone and that she interested everybody because everybody interested her."

The bit of pink fluttered out in answer to a call from the front. It whirled round the big stage in a mad little dance as a rose petal whirls before the wind, then fluttered back to the dressing-room. It has a mind with the habit of continuity, that bit of pink, for it took a demure seat again and resumed the conversa-





White

Florence Nash

Gertrude Quinlan

Dorothy Tennant

Act I. Miss Patsy (Gertrude Quinlan): "Try one of them!"

SCENE IN SEWELL COLLINS' NEW FARCE "MISS PATSY" AT NAZIMOVA'S THEATRE



tional thread exactly where it had been broken.

"Mr. Barrie was an inspiration to me as he is to everyone. Not in acting alone, for he says little to the company about how to portray a character. He is a modest author. But his plays are inspiring. His lines are so exquisite. He lifts us out of the everyday into an atmosphere of beautiful thoughts."

Her thoughts reverted to another man who says little to the actors about their parts, but whose firm hand nevertheless moulds every production. A man who is modest and powerful.

"Mr. Frohman is an inspiration. When he is about I always want to do a great deal. He does so much that he makes others want to do a great deal."

"I was commanded twice to play before the King and Queen. Once I played before two kings, King George of Greece, and King Edward of England. I have a brooch of diamonds which the King and Queen of England gave me. I have liked best of all the notes the children who saw 'Peter Pan' wrote me. I had a thousand such letters. We have made them into a book."

Summing up what seven years in England had done for Polly Chase, Miss Pauline Chase said, with the demure, sidewise and upward glance that revealed lurking humor: "I'm sure England has quieted her down a good deal. It does everyone. The climate is more sobering, perhaps, and one gets used to seeing quiet people about. It developed home love in me, though I call it house love, the desire to have a domicile of one's own with one's own things about. In other words England extinguishes any liking one may have had for hotel life."

"But America gave me the love of home which is quite different from any love for one's own roof and furniture. It gave me the home love which is an intense love of country. They criticize us Americans abroad for our pride of patriotism, which seems offensive to our critics. It isn't an excess of pride in our country that we display, but a great, deep love for it. We have taken root here and the roots are never torn up by worthy Americans."

"Do you think I have lost my American accent?" She asked it quietly yet with all the anxiety that Anna Held displays more vivaciously, lest her French should slip away from her.

"I'm so glad you don't. I think my accent is exactly what it was when I went over, and I think it always will be. Some of the newspapers have commented on my 'thick English accent,'



Otto Sarony Co.

EMILY STEVENS

Lately seen in "Septimus" and who will shortly have a leading rôle in a New York production

but that is a stereotyped phrase, used probably by someone who never heard me speak. On the stage in England I have to use the broad vowels because they won't permit anything else. I have to say 'cawnt' and 'lawf,' but over here when I am off the stage I say 'laff' and 'can't.' And sometimes I am mixed up. The word 'clerk' is in one of my lines in this piece. They always say 'clark' in England. Here they pronounce the 'e.' I shall say 'clerk.'"

Beneath the pink petal surface, in tone and manner, there was a hint of metal-like firmness.

"I am glad to play 'Our Miss Gibbs,' because it is something different. I never tire of 'Peter Pan.' I would be content to go on playing it forever. I never even tire of the lines. When I find myself forgetting them as actresses do when they play a part a long time, I don't think of the lines at all. They speak themselves. But I know that it is well to have a change of parts. I would like to play all sorts of parts. I like tragedy as well as comedy, but I have no definite ambition, except to do everything well, the very best I can."

Whether or not she is the youngest American star, Miss

Pauline Chase, looking simple and childlike as the girl who sailed away seven years ago, dismissed with a few direct words: "How old are the others; I was twenty-four last May?"

She was whirled away again on the tide of rehearsal, and a childish voice was heard in a battle for supremacy with the piano. After a half hour of intense activity she came back pink, perspiring, tired, but calm and courageous. She looked straight into the interviewing eye and told the truth about the famous pajamas.

"They were in a way an accident. I was allowed to wear them on the stage because I was used to wearing them at home and we

thought my movements would be freer and I would be more natural in them. Before that I had not cared especially for pink. But it has been my favorite color ever since because it is my lucky color."

"I have always been loyal in thought, word and deed to my pink pajamas. I never said, nor thought that I was tired of them and wished people would stop talking about them. They are my mascot. I wanted to wear them in 'Peter Pan' and was allowed that privilege. I asked to wear them in 'Our Miss Gibbs.'"

"Then you are still Polly Chase?"

A tiny, pink tipped hand gripped mine in hearty American fashion.

"As much as when I was a chorus girl in 'The Rounders' at fourteen. I will never be anything else—except upon billboards." ADA PATTERSON.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

### THE ACTRESS

"Oh, for a home! What is freedom to me?  
I hate the false life of the stage!  
I'm tired of travel and struggle and pain,  
My spirit loathes even the sight of a train,—  
There's nothing in being the rage!"

### THE WIFE

"Oh, for the stage! It is Heaven to me!  
Home, husband and child—what a life!  
I long for the travel, the lack of restraint,  
The music, the lights, and the smell of grease  
paint,—  
There's nothing in being a wife!"

LESLIE CURTIS.





SCENE IN THE FOREST IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S PLAY "THE BLUE BIRD," TO BE PRODUCED SHORTLY AT THE NEW THEATRE

## At the Play

I WAS in a vast theatre which had the sky for its dome. The place in every corner was crowded with people, and the attention of all was concentrated on the play in progress. An extraordinary feature was that the spectators acted parts in the drama they were witnessing. As the play progressed I noticed a figure moving silently, yet swiftly, up one aisle and down another. He was a sombre-hued usher with a black skull cap, and every now and then he stopped suddenly here or there and, bending low, whispered to some one in the audience. In each case the person thus addressed rose immediately and accompanied him out of the building. None who went out with this usher ever returned.

By the actions of the two I inferred that the spectator was unwilling to go; and the conviction came to me that when once out of the theatre, re-admission was impossible.

I knew that the way out was not the way in. This set me to commiserating the ill-luck of those who had been obliged to leave the theatre during the representation which was still in progress. It seemed to me a pity to have to leave the theatre before the play was over, to have to go away just when one was becoming familiar with the plot and the people. It must surely be most annoying to be suddenly and without warning seized by the arm and led out, never to return. Some of those present had taken important parts in the play. How they must wish, wherever they are, to return to the door and take a peep at the stage, to see what has transpired since their absence!

Even while I sat musing, the play proceeded; and the industrious usher, whose only business was to escort the audience out of the building and never into it, was flitting noiselessly about, upstairs and downstairs, now among the poor, who sat in their shirt sleeves; now among the well-to-do, who were dressed in their best, as they sat in the balcony; now among the rich, who sat at

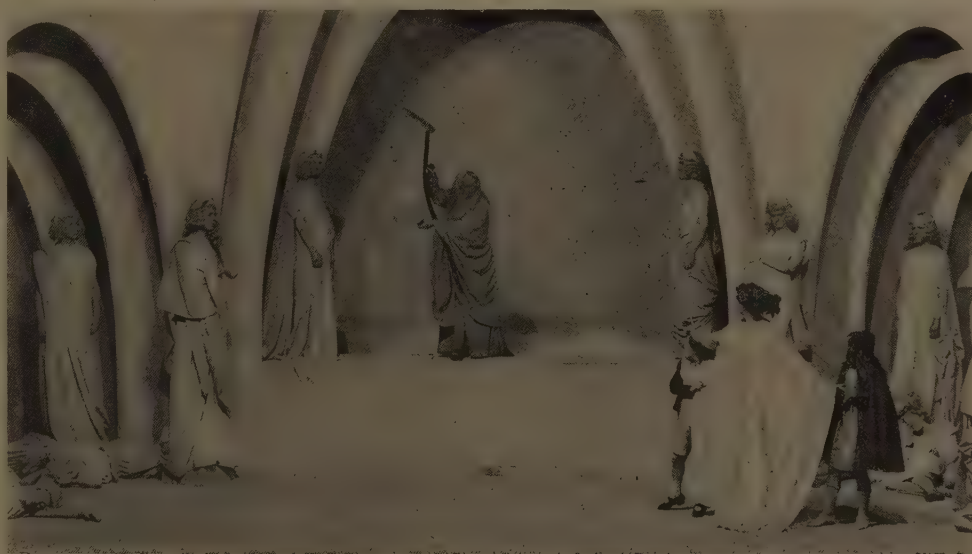
ease on the well-upholstered orchestra chairs; now visiting the private boxes, where the latest styles in hats and gowns were on exhibition.

What did it mean? The doctor who sat beside me has had more experience than many; perhaps he could tell me. "Who is that usher, Doctor?"

"That is our chief enemy," he replied; "one whom the management of this theatre is forced to employ because the audience would never leave of its own free will. As you can see, large though this place be, it would become choked up with humanity if about as many as enter were not induced to leave by that small door yonder. That is reasonable enough,—but that fellow with the black skull cap is also your merciless enemy. He cares not for your desire to stay, even if you have those children in your charge. He will force you to leave them, not knowing what will become of them. We see that he is necessary, yet, before he put in his appearance, what a storm of scepticism would have greeted a prophecy of him. What preposterous folly it would have seemed, to equip us for this theatre to-day, only to remove us to-morrow!"

The stage was still full of light and life and color, and the interest in the piece was unabated, unflagging. My attention was fixed for a time on what was transpiring among the actors, there were so many of them; such deep-dyed villains, such capital comedians. Suddenly I felt a sensation, as if a window or a door had been opened, and a freezing blast had entered. I turned to say as much to the doctor beside me; and I was shocked to see that the grim usher had laid his hand upon the doctor's shoulder. He

arose with the movement of an automaton and passed by me; the programme that he had been reading fluttered down on my lap, and thereon I read this title: "The Drama of Life." I looked up quickly and saw that the doctor's face was rigid, that his wide-opened eyes saw not; and then I knew that this omnipresent usher was Death.



THE KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE, A SCENE IN MAETERLINCK'S PLAY "THE BLUE BIRD"



## Shakespeare in the Slums

"**D**IS show's been goin' fer over fifty years an' it's only bein' giv here now b'cause it's gittin' cheap."

The play was "Romeo and Juliet" and it was its first appearance at the Academy Theatre on Halsted Street, the heart of Chicago's most illiterate section.

When I saw it announced that a manager was having the temerity to present this "high brow stuff" in such a neighborhood, I was so amazed that I determined to risk crowds, fights, odors, and who shall say what else, to witness the experiment. I had seen learned literary men wag their heads and heard them say that Shakespeare was not for the stage of to-day, and I heard theatrical managers wisely repeat that Shakespeare spells ruin. And I had heard nearly everyone say that Shakespeare must be understood to be appreciated. Yet here was a manager apparently courting destruction by presenting one of the works of the immortal dramatist to the most illiterate audience that could be found—a South Halsted Street audience; an audience that had been so long supposed to care only for the most mellow of melodrama, or the most vapid of vaudeville, that the supposition had become an axiom; an audience that had, as counter attractions, nickel shows, cheap burlesque, cheap vaudeville, penny arcades, shooting galleries, street fakirs, saloons, pool-rooms and more saloons.

I chose Sunday evening as the time best suited to see the experiment at its best. As I approached the theatre, a brass band was making brass band music outside to attract a crowd. And then and there came an idea that fairly thrilled. I had been seeing Shakespeare's plays all my life, but here, for the first time, was I to see a Shakespeare audience. As I heard and felt, and yes, smelt them, something in the back of my brain seemed to rise up and remind me of the crowds that once thronged the pit of the Globe Theatre; of the human atoms that once used to jostle each other good-naturedly as these did; that once flung coarse, rude jests back and forth, as these did; that once ate and tossed bits of food at one another, as these did; that, in that old day, kept up a continual chatter and confusion, while they waited for my lord of Leinster's players with Richard Burbage as Romeo, as these to-day waited for another to speak the same immortal lines.

Across the chasm of three centuries of "progress" seemed to sound the heart beats of that other crowd, throbbing in perfect unison with the heart of this one. Here seemed to me to be the very people for whom Shakespeare wrote, whom he knew. I could not help but feel "Shakespeare would like to be here to-night," and I felt also, in part at least, that the experiment would be a success.

There were no "high brows" in this audience. This I ascertained as I mingled with the audience in the lobby and stood in the foyer, watching them come in. And I made assurance doubly sure by being very, very ignorant myself and scraping acquaintance with as many of the crowd as possible, my ostensible aim being to get information about the "show." I was told in all seriousness that George Cohan originally produced it in New York, where tickets cost five dollars; that this was by Shakespeare, and that all the shows he wrote were supposed to be good. I was told also by many that they didn't know who wrote the "show" and "never seen" it before. Many had never heard of it. It was while in my seat, about the centre of the main floor, that I heard the remark quoted at the beginning of this article.

These and other incidents and remarks confirmed the belief that not one person in twenty of that audience ever saw "Romeo and Juliet" or ever heard of Shakespeare, except in the vaguest, most indefinite way. These people came and paid their hard, very hard earned money for entertainment, for drama. They didn't know who Shakespeare was and they didn't care. Following this performance there would be no learned discussions in class-rooms or luxurious libraries, about the "performance" or the "poetry of Shakespeare" or the "hidden meanings of the play." No one had read the play, many couldn't, and the others couldn't have been hired to do so.

The curtain rose, the chatter, laughter, cat-calls, and general confusion gradually quieted. The play was the thing. They saw right



FOUR AMERICAN BEAUTIES

1. Grace Morrissey, a young debutante who will be seen under the management of Daniel Frohman. 2. Ione Bright, appearing in "Miss Patsy." 3. Virginia Hammond, acting in stock in San Francisco. 4. Justina Wayne, playing the title rôle in "Beverly"





Sarony

NORA BAYES

This popular young comedienne, who was recently seen as Astarita in "The Jolly Bachelors," is now appearing in vaudeville



away that Romeo was the sort of a youth who would easily fall in love, that Mercutio was a hot-blooded blade, of whom any prank might be expected, that Paris wanted to marry Juliet and that her parents favored the match. They did not like the Queen Mab speech, though well delivered; no, they could not just see what that had to do with the matter in hand, though they listened far more respectfully than most higher class audiences usually do to any introductory material which they think dull. This seemed like further evidence that none in this audience had ever before seen, read or heard of the play, for never had I heard these beautifully fanciful lines delivered without the tribute of long applause. But the Queen Mab speech was a technical necessity. Through it their acquaintance with Mercutio was made more intimate. More than ever might he now be expected to perform some rash and sudden deed. So, it appeared most natural that he should be the moving spirit in the subsequent intrusion into Capulet's feast, which so roused the ire of Tybalt, and which gave Romeo his first sight of Juliet. Now they were beginning to get mightily interested. Here were a handsome young man and a beautiful young woman falling in love with each other. This was something they knew all about; it was something they could parallel in their own lives. When Juliet sent the nurse to find out who Romeo was, and the nurse returned and said:

"His name is  
Romeo, and a  
Montague;  
The only son of  
your great  
enemy,"

and Juliet  
exclaimed:

"My only love  
sprung from  
my only hate!  
Too early seen  
unknown, and  
known too  
late!"

then indeed,  
was this good  
Elizabethan  
audience com-  
mitted to un-  
slacking inter-  
est. Now came  
the great bal-  
cony scene.



Sarony

GERTRUDE BENNETT

Seen at the New Theatre as Giulietta in "Beethoven"

more sympathetic scorn for Romeo in his moment of weakness, more sorrow for brave Mercutio's death, more savage joy in the killing of Tybalt, which was applauded to the echo. So here was struck the tragic note. They didn't actually *know* this, but they felt it. They were prodigiously interested, and the announcement

of the nurse to Juliet that Tybalt was slain and Romeo banished, was tensely received.

Now came the scene in Juliet's chamber:

"Must you be  
gone? It is  
not yet near  
day;

It was the night-  
ingale and not  
the lark,

That pierced the  
fearful hollow  
of thine ear;  
Nightly she  
sings on yon  
pomegranate  
tree;

Believe me, love,  
it was the  
nightingale."



White

Willette Kershaw

Forrest Winant

SCENE IN "THE COUNTRY BOY," NEW COMEDY BY EDGAR SELWYN



Scenes in the Successful New Comedy "Baby Mine" at Daly's Theatre



White                      Marguerite Clarke                      Walter Jones                      Ernest Glendinning  
ACT I. ZOIE (MARGUERITE CLARKE): "IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!"



Marguerite Clarke                      Ivy Troutman  
ACT II. ZOIE (MARGUERITE CLARKE): "AREN'T THEY TOO CUTE FOR ANYTHING!"





Copyright Charles Frohman

Pauline Chase as Mary Gibbs and Chorus singing "Yorkshire"

SCENE IN ACT II OF THE ENGLISH MUSICAL PLAY "OUR MISS GIBBS" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

There were no bored auditors here. Perhaps they didn't care especially for the poetry, as poetry, but, as an expression of an idea, it was eminently satisfactory. Again, as all through the play, they did not think or reason—they felt. When Juliet's father angrily told her that she must prepare to marry Paris immediately there never was a more interested audience. Truly, in these terrible circumstances, desperate measures were to be expected, and the device of the drug, which would give the appearance of death, seemed perfectly plausible. In Mantua Romeo

hears of Juliet's supposed death, and purchases poison; he returns, resolved to die by her side; he kills Paris in front of the tomb; he takes the poison; Juliet awakes, sees him already dead and stabs herself. These things were all very terrible, but somehow there didn't seem to be any other possible termination. The "happy ending," beloved of the good moderns, didn't appear to be greatly missed. They couldn't reason out the inevitable necessity for this ending, but again they felt it, and they accepted it with that dumb acqui-

escence the unlettered give to the uncomprehended forces of life.

The acting had been good. It was not of the kind that Shakespeare usually gets to-day; there was no reverent mouthing of the lines. They were delivered for the sake of their value in the development of the story. Romeo was graceful and lover-like, Juliet pretty, and really fine in her more tragic moments. All were good, judged by the way they helped the great dramatist to make this audience *feel*. And the audience left the theatre satisfied. The "Two hours traffic of our stage" had done for them what it had been doing through all the ages since this lusty old art began. It had touched the heart, it had stirred the emotions, it had raised us to awe, as the supreme drama ever does, by opening the door of the human soul. What did it matter that the "lines" were unmercifully "cut"? We will have to allow that much for the vitiating effect of wretched plays upon this audience, and the hurry of modern days. They came for drama, and they went away satisfied, for the drama still remained.

W. S. LOCKWOOD.



Hall LILLIAN BUCKINGHAM  
Who will shortly be seen in New York in "The Stampede," a new play by Cecil DeMille



Sarony A. E. MATHEWS  
Young English comedian now playing the leading part in "Love Among the Lions" at the Garrick



## The All-Star Fad

ONE does not need to have had a long experience to recall many fads and fashions of the American theatre that grew up promisingly, blossomed luxuriantly for a time, and then faded away and were forgotten. Generally the end came from over-cultivation. And for years thereafter managers would leave the whole genus alone, forgetful of the use and beauty of the original idea if sown in moderation.

About fifteen years ago a few plays dramatized from current books made so much quick money for the managers who produced them that a scramble ensued to secure the stage rights to well-nigh every novel published. The craze, as you doubtless recollect, began with "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Under the Red Robe"; raged most furiously with "The Christian," "Janice Meredith" and too many more to mention; and died a painful death with "Richard Carvel" and other plays that it is both pleasantest and most charitable to forget.

At the white heat of the furore the joke on every tongue was: "Well, the only book left to dramatize is the telephone book."

A few years later, when the last gasps of the dying fad were on the air, someone, in a Weber & Fields' burlesque, asked Willie Collier who wrote "Richard Carvel," so that he might answer: "I think 'Richard Carvel' was written by Winston Churchill, but I *know* it was rotten by John Drew."

The next fad after the wholesale dramatization of novels still damp with printers' ink was the organization of "all-star casts." They were made to blossom in the late Spring season, to add glamor to classic dramas, or near-classics,—and, be it whispered, in the hope of keeping public interest in theatricals alive by offering the bargain of six or eight stars for the price of one. Of course, the idea was actually no more of a novelty than taking a play from between book covers. But such casts had, theretofore, been assembled rarely, and for single performances, organized for some charity.

The commercial appropriation of the idea was directly traceable to a performance of that nature. In May of 1895 several distinguished players proposed to arrange a matinée to raise money for C. W. Coudock, the veteran actor. The desire for a large sum necessitated the formation of a program so attractive as to justify high prices for seats. "The Rivals," it may be recalled, was the play selected, and such a company appeared in it as had been known only once before in the history of the American stage. That occasion was in 1888 when the memorable performance of "Hamlet" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, to aid Lester Wallack, then crippled in purse and person. Edwin Booth was, of course, the Hamlet; Helena Modjeska, Ophelia; Madame Ponisi, Queen Gertrude; Frank Mayo, Claudius; Lawrence Barrett, the ghost, and Eben Plympton, Laertes. Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence gave unprecedented importance to the small parts of the two grave-diggers, while such leading lights of the day as Rose Coghlan and Herbert Kelcey filled even lesser rôles.

The allotment of rôles in "The Rivals" is quotable because it sowed the seed of the commercial "all-star" revivals of many subsequent springs. Even in such distinguished company Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. John Drew were recognized as the leaders by right of eminence and age, and also of the especial fame of their Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop. N. C. Goodwin, who likes to cast himself for Bob, played Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Henry Miller was the Captain Absolute; Viola Allen the Lydia; Nellie McHenry, Lucy; W. H. Crane, Sir Anthony Absolute; Joseph



White Taylor Holmes May De Sousa  
SCENE IN JAMES FORBES' COMEDY "THE COMMUTERS" AT THE CRITERION

Holland, Falkland; E. M. Holland, Fag, and DeWolf Hopper, David.

So extraordinary was the success of this performance that an astute manager proposed that it be repeated the following Spring, but for a tour of several weeks and as a cooperative business venture. The only important changes were Julia Marlowe in place of Miss Allen, and Robert Tabor as successor to Henry Miller. For the rest the David was Francis Wilson instead of Mr. Hopper, and the new Lucy was Fanny Rice. It naturally would have been impossible to gather such a cast in mid-season; but with their respective tours over, and the dog days coming on, the case was different—

So thus, then and therefore began the fashion of Spring revivals of old-time plays—sometimes classics, but always, be it noted, uncopyrighted works. The managers—slowly, but steadily and without doubt—killed their goose by asking the public to accept eggs that were not gold, but only gilded. For praiseworthy as both performances were, the trade-mark "all-star" lost meaning through such companies as that formed about nine years ago for a tour in "The Hunchback" and the one that played "London Assurance" in the Spring of 1905. Both seem quotable because typical. The distribution of rôles in "The Hunchback" was: Julia, Viola Allen; Helen, Adelaide Prince; Master Walter, Eben Plympton; Modus, Jameson Lee Finney; Sir Thomas Clifford, Aubrey Boucicault; Lord Tinsel, J. Harry



Benrimo, and Fathom, C. Leslie Allen. For "London Assurance" the cast was: Lady Gay Spanker, Ellis Jeffreys; Dolly Spanker, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.; Charles and Sir Harcourt Courtley, Ben Webster and Eben Plympton; Grace Harkaway, Ida Conquest; Pert, Kate Phillips; Max Harkaway, W. H. Thompson; Meddle, Murray Carson; Cool, Herbert Sleath, and Dazzle, James Neill.

The "star casts" of that era soon were dubbed—and not quite unjustly—as companies of Has-Beens and Never-Wases. Time has, in a way, put to shame the scornful of 1901 who pointed out that not one actor of the Spring cast assembled for "Diplomacy" was a star. For since then nearly all have established themselves as such; while two seem rapidly progressing toward the artistic leadership of our stage. I refer to Margaret Anglin and William Faversham. They were the Dora and the Henri Beauclerc of "Diplomacy." Jessie Millward was the Countess Zicka; Charles Richman, Julian Beauclerc; Guy Standing, Orloff; Edwin Stevens, Baron Stein; Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, the Marquise de Rio Zares; and Ethel Hornick, Lady Henry Fairfax. Margaret Dale, by the way, played the small part of a maid. The maid has a short scene at the beginning of the second act with a man-servant; and it was in those characters, in 1879, that Mary Shaw and E. H. Southern, both novices, made their débuts in the famous Boston Museum company.

But to go back for a moment to "The Rivals."

The cast quoted holds a prominent place in histrionic history; but few people will have forgotten—if they ever heard of it—the "Rivals" company of the following Spring. Yet it was more genuinely all-star than many or most so named. The players got together for only one performance—doubtless to benefit some unfortunate actor. Marie Dressler dared comparison to Mrs. John Drew by undertaking Mrs. Malaprop, and Ada Lewis to Julia Marlowe as Lydia. William Collier was the Bob Acres; Andrew Mack, Sir Lucius; Henry V. Donnelly, Sir Anthony, and John C. Rice, Captain Absolute. The audience assembled in gleeful expectancy of irreverent high-jinks with a classic. But quickly it became evident that the comedians had no such frivolous intentions, and a heavy gloom gathered. Nor did it lift.

Since then both Mr. Mack and Mr. Donnelly have been seen as these same knights of Sheridan and in surroundings of unquestioned dignity. Yet neither was more serious than on that evening at the Herald Square Theatre in New York. The second view of Mr. Donnelly's Sir Anthony was when he conducted a

repertoire stock company and had for his Lydia and Lucy two actresses who since have made their names well known—Dorothy Donnelly and Laura Hope Crews. When Mr. Mack played Sir Lucius for the second time these rôles were intrusted to Maxine and Gertrude Elliott, N. C. Goodwin being the Bob Acres.

The fad for these supplementary revivals was at its height when Mary Mannering, newly made star, was touring the country

very successfully in "Janice Meredith." Her manager and Kyrle Bellew's suggested that their stars should head such a Springtime company. Both players agreed,—Mr. Bellew leaving the choice of play to Miss Mannering. When "The Lady of Lyons" was announced people were surprised. Pauline is not the best of parts and certainly hardly suited to Miss Mannering's type or temperament. The fact was she had settled on "Camille." That choice suited everyone concerned. As Spring drew near Miss Mannering decided to test herself in the part by putting the play on in an obscure city or two of the far West. News of them got about, and a howl went up at the thought of the lovely and beloved Miss Mannering impersonating a bad, bad woman.

"I received so many letters expressing disapproval, I might almost say distress," Miss Mannering explained to me, "that I concluded it would be suicidal for me to continue with 'Camille.' But the time was growing short. A substitute had to be settled



From Illustrated London News

ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS MACBETH

on immediately. There seemed to be some objection to every play suggested. Mr. Bellew wasn't satisfied or I wasn't, or his manager found fault or mine did. Finally the three men agreed on 'The Lady of Lyons.' It did not suit me. But in weariness and desperation I telegraphed my consent."

Besides Miss Mannering and Mr. Bellew as Pauline Deschappelles and Claude, the important rôles were assigned: Monsieur and Madame Deschappelles, W. H. Thompson and Kate Pattison Selton; the Widow Melnotte, Mrs. W. G. Jones; Colonel Damas, Macklyn Arbuckle; Beasant, Edwin Arden, and Glavis, Edward Abeles.

No actor rivals Kyrle Bellew for frequent participation in star casts. Nor does he seem to mind subordinating himself to a female star. Either he is so modest that he does not mind, or so sure of his eminence that he has no fear. Or perhaps he "got the habit" through his many years of professional association with Mrs. Brown Potter. Besides Armand, in "Camille," which he nearly acted to the Marguerite Gauthier (Continued on page xii)



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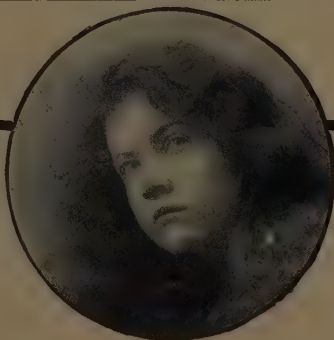
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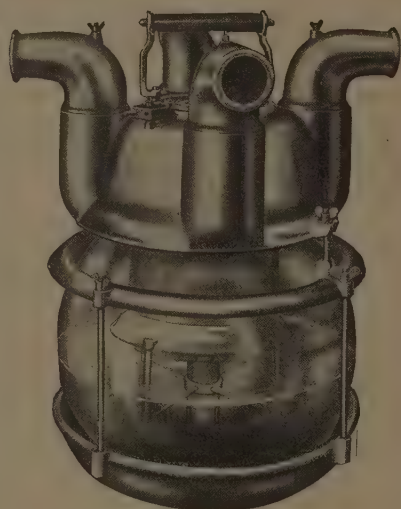




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## A Napoleon of Vaudeville

(Continued from page 117)

business of this country was in a primitive state. The Keith era was just being inaugurated and the day of the thousand-dollar-a-week star had not yet been thought of. When a few months later Liman returned he found that all of his cheap concert hall business had gone. Morris had in the meantime cultivated a large clientèle of a higher order and Liman was so pleased to find that his representative had more than quadrupled his earning capacity, that he took him in as a partner. Shortly after Liman died and although Morris offered to go in partnership with the widow the latter refused, with the result that the name of William Morris, Vaudeville Agent, soon appeared outside of a large office building on East Fourteenth Street.

From this time on William Morris became a power in the vaudeville world. With but one theatre to book for (a Detroit house), he carried on a war with the associated managers of vaudeville, which has not been paralleled in theatrical history. Then five years ago came a serious reverse. After he had built up a business, which yielded him a surplus of one hundred thousand dollars a year, (representing as he did the majority of the best vaudeville theatres of this country, including the circuits of F. F. Proctor, Percy Williams and S. Z. Poli), he woke up one morning with all but two insignificant and outskirted theatres removed from his power and transplanted to what is now known as the United Booking Offices of America.

It is said that when Mr. Keith on the morning that this reverse came to Morris, was congratulated upon the accomplishment of his rival's downfall, that astute manager significantly replied: "Morris is still to be reckoned with. Any time he wants a salary of \$25,000 a year from these offices, he can have it." But Morris did not go to the United Offices. He said that as long as he had one theatre to book for, the name of William Morris would survive in the vaudeville field.

When Morris reached his office on the morning of this disaster he found two friendly managers awaiting him, one of whom expressed sympathy and assured him of loyalty for all time. Morris turned to them both with these words: "Take my advice, boys. Both of you had better go to the United Offices as quick as your legs can carry you there. You will be welcomed, if you go now, whereas if you 'stick' to me you will be made a club of to accomplish my ruin; I need something more than what you represent to meet this new condition and you had better go and make your peace and terms while you can!" They went. Just three days elapsed after this catastrophe overtook their rival, the associated vaudeville managers read the sensational announcement that the independent vaudeville agent was once more to be a menace to their cherished ideas of monopoly. Morris had induced Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger to enter the vaudeville field upon a prodigious scale, and he was to be their sole booking agent and principal adviser.

How great a menace this was can best be understood when it is stated that the opposition provided by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, and those whom they had rallied about them, was the strongest and by far the most expensive to the "vaudeville syndicate" that had ever been encountered by them.

Small wonder then that B. F. Keith had observed that "William Morris had still to be reckoned with," and that they would gladly pay him \$25,000 a year salary to cast his lot with the Syndicate forces! After Klaw & Erlanger withdrew from all vaudeville operations, the position of William Morris became absolutely the weakest that it had been at any time since he began his one-sided battle. Few indeed at that time gave him hope or encouragement and the crisis was a crucial one. Morris realized that Klaw & Erlanger's compromise with the Keith interests meant a complete change of policy for him, and thus came about his own advent as a manager, and the organization of a company incorporated under the name of William Morris, Inc. To this new company Morris brought all his experience, his enthusiasm and his savings of ten fat years, and with the aid of outside capital began to undertake the herculean task of forming a circuit of opposition theatres.

At first his efforts were regarded as a joke by his opponents, yet Morris soon secured the American Theatre in New York as a sort of "base of supplies." At the end of a year he had maintained his banner in more theatres than when he started, and to-day his position is stronger than ever.

ROBERT GRAU.



## A Wedded Pair of Playwrights

(Continued from page 104)

on earth have you been using this shoulder?"

I told her and she said: 'No wonder you have neuritis. You must sit up to write.' I tried, but I couldn't. When I polished off the play at the last, down I went on my shoulder elbow. I don't seem to be able to write any other way. Mr. Selwyn sits as straight as a soldier."

"I couldn't use a typewriter machine in your favorite attitude, dear," returned the author of 'The Country Boy.' "You have the advantage of using a writing pad and lead pencil, generally dull. When Mrs. Selwyn starts writing she can't be made to stop. She gets going in the morning, and I've known her to write until night. I never write more than an hour at a time, and if I write five or six pages I'm proud of myself. Mrs. Selwyn wrote 'Baby Mine' in the rough in three days."

"Mr. Selwyn insists on being comfortable when he writes. He always wants something about to nibble on, candy or chocolate. We talk over our plays together, but we don't always agree about them."

"No!" exclaimed the actor, "we fight like cats and dogs about our characters."

"Mr. Selwyn and my mother are a great help to me," went on Miss Mayo. "I always talk an act over with them before I begin writing it. My husband gives me the man's view of it and mother the viewpoint quite unbiased by any special knowledge of the theatre. They are a fine balance for me. But Mr. Selwyn thinks my heroines are not as good and noble as women ought to be. I like to write of the type of woman I often see, faulty but attractive, and full of feminine foibles and allurements. I know just such a woman as my heroine in 'Baby Mine.' She lies from habit. She couldn't tell her husband the truth if she tried. She lies to make him comfortable. It is easier for her to tell a lie and she thinks it makes it easier for him."

Mr. Selwyn, while looking admiringly at his brilliant wife, shook his head in helpless negation and hopeless disapproval.

"Mrs. Selwyn doesn't like my heroes."

"I tell him they are villains."

"No, they are human" insisted the father of "The Country Boy." "Any young man of his age would be smitten by a show girl at the same boarding-house. I had to defend my Country Boy with my life blood. I read the first act to my wife and her mother. Miss Mayo said she didn't like the boy, he was too fresh. For awhile I wavered, but I was forced to make him fresh and egotistic, so that those qualities could be knocked out of him. Up to the last, when we were trying out the play at New Haven, I got a telegram from my wife begging me to make a change in the play. I telegraphed back: 'Let up. I can't.' And we agreed not to talk about it. The day before the opening I was making some changes in the lines of the play and a note was slipped under the door. It was from my wife. 'Better make that change I suggested. If you want to talk to me about it you will find me under the bed.'"

"Did you make the change?"

"It was not noticeable that opening night."

He smiled. His wife's laugh overran forgiveness.

She had forgiven him when she sat beside him that fearful evening in the balcony soothing him in his first attack of stage fright.

"I was never nervous on my first nights as an actor, but this—" An all-comprehending, all-expressive shake of the head. "I feared for my own play, but I never had a doubt of the success of my wife's, not for a moment."

A youthful-faced woman with a merry smile came into the room in search of Buster. Buster is a pampered, aristocratic cat, the only pet in the family that produced "Baby Mine" and "The Country Boy."

"This is my mother," said the mother of "Baby Mine." "And mine," said "The Country Boy's" father.

"I really believe she thinks more of him than she does of me," smilingly complained the woman playwright. "On the first night of 'The Country Boy' in New York I came home and called to her: 'Mr. Blank says "The Country Boy" will be a greater success than "Baby Mine."' Out from mother's room came the answer, in a sleepy voice: 'Isn't that lovely?'"

The playwright who ranks so unusually well with his mother-in-law nodded: "And my wife said: 'Can you beat that?'" MARY MORGAN.

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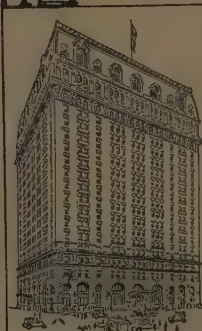
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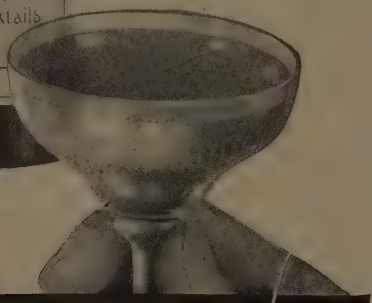
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## All-Star Fad

(Continued from page 128)

of Mary Manning. Mr. Bellew played second fiddle to Mrs. Potter in "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "The Lady of Lyons" and "She Stoops to Conquer"—in all of which he appeared with other actresses during the "star cast" craze.

Twice Eleanor Robson was the actress. In "Romeo and Juliet" they were assisted by Eben Plympton as Mercutio; Edwin Arden as Paris; W. H. Thompson as Friar Laurence; Mrs. W. G. Jones as the nurse, and John Kellard as Tybalt. It did not take Mr. Plympton long to get into a quarrel with the management and retire in a huff. But the revival suffered no loss in art or prestige because James O'Neill immediately volunteered to take his place.

"She Stoops to Conquer" was the second classic in which Miss Robson appeared with Kyrle Bellew; and it was the most ill-advised step of her delightful artistic career, for she brought to the part little of the vivacity of Kate Hardcastle and none of the old-comedy manner. Her associates were particularly rich in this very quality. She might not have seemed so foreign to the atmosphere had not Arnold Daly and the late Clara Bloodgood withdrawn from the cast almost at the last moment, for those excellent, but ultra-modern, actors hardly could have fitted themselves into the accepted personalities of Tony Lumpkin and Constance Neville. On the contrary Sidney Drew and Isabel Irving exactly did. Mrs. Charles Calvert—revered in London very much as we loved and honored Mrs. Gilbert—was brought over for Mrs. Hardcastle. Those ripe old actors, Louis James and George Holland were just what Squire Hardcastle and Sir Charles Marlowe should be, while Frank Mills and Mr. Bellew brought a rich, though briefer, experience in old comedy to Hastings and the younger Marlowe.

Indeed, Kyrle Bellew is never so effective as in old comedy. In the days of Wallack's company I have no doubt his Charles Surface was compared unfavorably to those of Lester Wallack and Charles Wyndham, the famous company's previous players of the rôle. But to the present generation it is the best Charles Surface to be seen—a fact he demonstrated in one of these star casts of the period we are chatting of. The cast is hardly worth recalling beyond the fact that Marie Wainwright was the Lady Teazle and Edward Morgan the Joseph Surface.

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Every Little Movement, from "Madame Sherry." Mezzo-soprano and tenor duet; orchestra accompaniment; the song that set Chicago crazy.

Heigh-Ho, from "The Echo." Tenor solo; orchestra accompaniment. A number that has made a spectacular hit as sung by Richard Carle, in his new musical comedy success, "The Echo."

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## Rostand, Champion of Birds

The French Society for the Protection of Animals recently awarded to Edmond Rostand the grand prize for the sympathy shown to dumb creatures in "Chantecler." Caustic critics have burst into derisive merriment because the costumes for the play not only necessitated the slaughter of numberless wild birds and barnyard fowls, but also revived the use of feathers for fashionable headgear.—Dramatic Mirror.

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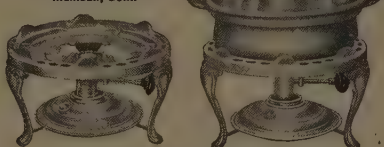
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## Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 102)

author, Mr. Sewell Collins. There is a good deal of patch work in the play, but it is diverting. For the sake of laughter, a rare commodity, we are willing to forgive much. Pretentious stupidity in matters philosophical and psychological is unforgivable, but we are not willing to characterize this play as futile, in spite of some of its crudities and occasional forced incidents. Miss Patsy is serving as the maid of a popular actress. She is muscular, imaginative and assertive, and has opinions on everything connected with the conduct and life of her mistress. She has failed herself as an actress, but still has ambitions and has written a play. She undertakes to advance the interests of the actress and supplies the newspapers with a fictitious story recounting the rescue of the actress from drowning in the bay when her launch was capsized. A young officer appears and claims to have been her rescuer. His assurance in obtaining an introduction in this way is well carried off by Mr. Lawrence Wheat. In the end he supplants the actress's accepted lover, a young farmer who easily turns to Patsy when Patsy's interference in the affairs of her mistress result in getting her into disfavor. Miss Gertrude Quinlan as Patsy is droll. Miss Quinlan may be a little amateurish now and then, but there is great spirit and intelligence in everything she does, and she is genuine and effective. The acting contingent is good and glosses over the artificiality of the piece. Miss Dorothy Tennant as the actress; Miss Adeline Dunlap, as a jealous cat of an actress; Miss Florence Nash, as the ingenuous ward of the admiral in love with a young doctor, played by Joseph Greybill, with others, contributed to an entertainment in a play that lags a little behind present tendencies, but which cannot be put aside as futile.

GLOBE. "THE ECHO." Musical play in two acts by William Le Baron. Music by Deems Taylor. Produced August 17 with this cast:

Rudolph W. Sylvester, John E. Hazzard; Dick Brown, Douglas Stevenson; Don Ferris, George White; Bob Ferris, Ben Ryan; Reggie Brewster, Joseph Herbert, Jr.; Cyrus Adams, Edgar Halsted; Horace Randolph, J. J. Scannell; Mrs. Brewster, Evelyn Carrington; Molly Brewster, Eva Fallon; Edith Sylvester, Rose Dolly; Dorothy Sylvester, Jennie Dolly; Laura Short, Georgia Drew Medum; Mrs. Sophie Adams, Annie Yeamans; Kate, Bessie McCoy; Sue, Angie Weimars; Settle, Lillian Rice.

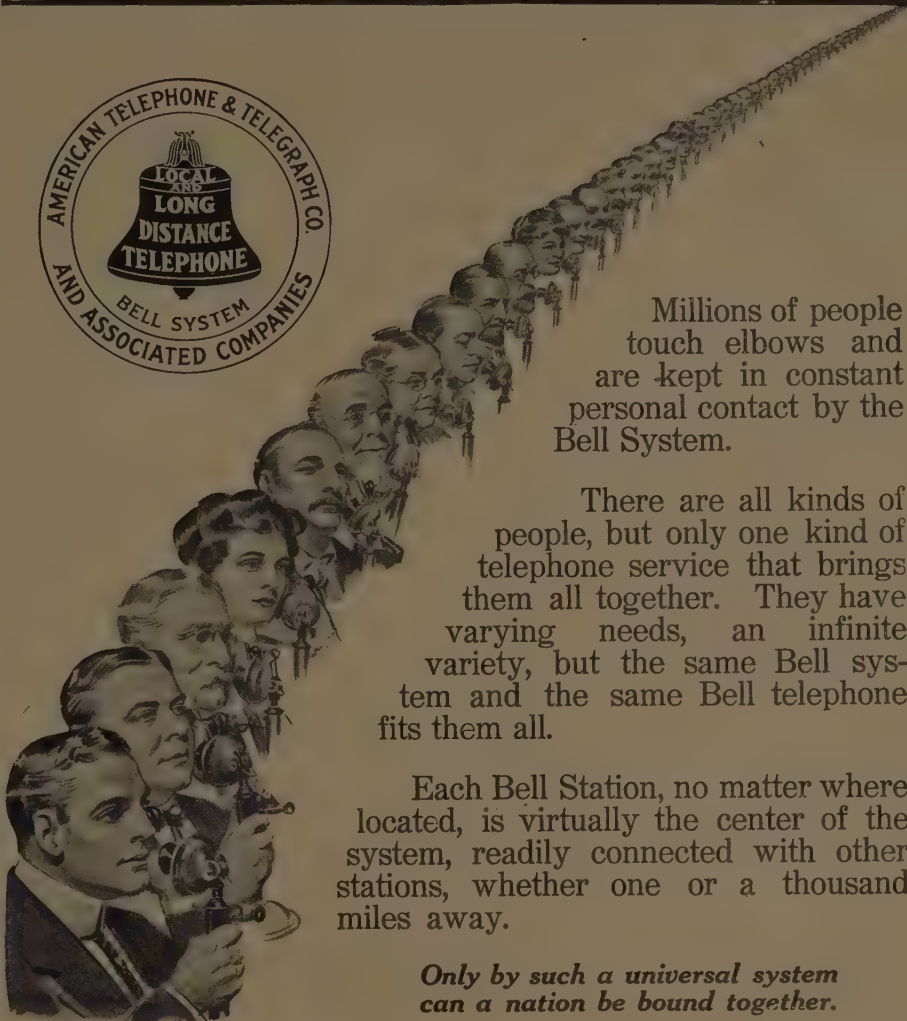
This cheerful production is placed in a New England mountain summer resort near which there is a highly effective echo. Hither comes Rudolph Sylvester, a wealthy soap manufacturer, with his two nieces; but not to find needed rest, for he is bombarded with urgent and disquieting telegrams from the first. Meanwhile, the artificial "echo," Cyrus Adams, a hermit, wearies of his unsocial job and enters the hotel office, to give it up in disgust. Whereupon Rudolph, in quest of peace and solitude, assumes it, but with a demoralizing and complicating lack of success. Upon these slight events depends most of what passes for "plot" in "The Echo," but it provides a singularly effective vehicle for the buoyant and energetic Bessie McCoy; for John E. Hazzard, who infuses much real humor into the well-nigh outworn type of German dialect comedian; for the ever-youthful and popular Annie Yeamans, and for many indefatigable dancers, whose novel evolutions must have severely taxed someone's inventive powers. In addition to these there was excellent incidental dancing of a more classic type by a trio of Russians, M. Lopokov, Mlle. Lokokova and M. Volinine. To further increase the embarrassment of riches there was also Toots Paka, an Hawaiian woman with two fellow-countrymen, in wierd songs and suggestive postures. "The Echo" is unique in that it radiates youth and unjaded enthusiasm. It is not the product of disillusioned "hacks," but of two recent graduates of New York University, who, indeed, constructed "The Echo" for one of their annual festival events, Mr. Charles Dillingham being, providentially, "among those present." Hence its introduction to Broadway, where, by virtue of its fresh, tuneful and "catchy" music and its clever and cleanly book, it has been a grateful and successful novelty.

HACKETT. "MOTHER." Play in four acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced September 7 with this cast:

Mrs. Katherine Wetherill, Emma Dunn; William Howard Wetherill, Frederick Perry; Walter Thompson Wetherill, Albert Latscha; James Bingham Wetherill, Arthur Ross; John Walton Wetherill, David Ross; Ardash Wetherill, Minette Barrett; Leonore Wetherill, Marion Chapman; John Rufus Chase, James Bronhy; Harry Lake, John Stokes; Elizabeth Terhune, Jane Corcoran; Agatha, Justine Cutting.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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very remarkable play is "Mother," now the current attraction at the Hackett; while in spots it has faults and conditions that are little less than startling. If it were compressed and some exasperating redundancies eliminated, it would gain wonderfully, but the strength of its universally appealing theme—a mother's love for her children—gives it a grip which cannot be gainsaid. Jules Eckert Goodman, its author, is a writer to be reckoned with, and, with further technical experience, should compose one of the great American plays.

The title rôle, Mrs. Katherine Wetherill, is the mother of six children, a trusting woman, but in a measure weak, for the two eldest boys, by their selfishness and irresponsibility, get not only themselves into trouble, but all the remaining members of the family. The finale is touching in the extreme as each of them, confessing his faults and failings, seeks solace and comfort in the mother's arms. Her struggles to save the eldest from disgrace and his intense fear and disgust at the outcome of the forgery he has committed, lead to a scene of splendid intensity. Equally good is the family conference at which the sisters are urged to yield their share of the limited estate in order to save the older brother from prison.

The first act is too long, but the second closes with an admirable curtain after an interview between the mother and a cold-blooded mercenary soubrette who would marry the second boy for the money she thinks he has. The last act is brief but pathetic and rings true. It is just a tired woman seeing that her youngest boys, twins, finally get to bed. In these various incidents of homely life Miss Emma Dunn plays the harassed mother with gracious gentleness and womanly charm. Once in a while there is a slight suggestion of self consciousness, but the picture is a noble and artistic one. William Wetherell—he is the eldest—is acted with fine repressed emotion by Frederick Perry, and a gentle, sweet, sacrificing sister is played with beautiful delicacy and refinement by Minette Barrett, who, with Marion Chapman and John Stokes, supply a sub-comedy plot that taxes the imagination.

**REPUBLIC.** "BOBBY BURNIT." Comedy in four acts by Winchell Smith, from the novel by Geo. Randolph Chester. Produced Aug. 22. Cast:

Robert Burnit, Wallace Eddinger; Henry B. Bates, John Webster; Daniel Johnson, George A. Wright; Edmund Applerod, Fred Strong; Silas Trimmer, John D. O'Hara; Clarence Smythe, Charles Lane; Sam Stone, Thomas Findlay; Harry Chalmers, John S. Robertson; Fred Alstyne, Leslie Bassett; Tommy Winthrop, Harvey T. Clark; Lewis Harvey, Sidney Bent; Homer Weldon, Lawrence Eddinger; Phillips, Frank Hughes; First Office Boy, Henry Carlin; Second Office Boy, Frank Daniels, Jr.; Clerk, George Spelvin; Agnes, Elikson, Ethel Clayton; Nellie Platt, Ruth Rose; A Young Woman, Frances Savage.

"Bobby Burnit," briefly on view at the Republic Theatre, is the dramatization of a department store. The proposition does not sound very exciting and it is not. George Randolph Chester wrote a story about this young man, and for stage purposes Winchell Smith knocked it into technical shape that Henry B. Harris might exploit Wallace Eddinger in a stellar capacity. The type of book and play, too, for that matter, is a familiar one. You take a young man, perfectly irresponsible, and endow him with a fabulous amount of money. Then his father dies and you turn him out into the world. For two acts everybody robs him, from a vicious plutocratic magnate to a two-year-old gutter snipe. During this period his ignorance is simply magnificent. Then the tide turns. His intelligence ripens like the corn under a hot August sun. He outwits a Morgan or a Ryan with an ease that is refreshing. Nothing can withstand his sapience and the manner in which he uses the telephone for the undoing of the wicked. Of course, he gets everything back that he lost and a good deal more, including the love of the colorless little ingenue, who through all his vicissitudes has never lost faith in the latent capacity of the titular rôle.

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**NEW AMSTERDAM.** "MADAME SHERRY." Musical play in three acts. Book by Otto Hauerbach. Music by Karl Hoschna. Adapted from George Edwardes' English version. Produced August 30 with this cast:

Lulu, Frances Demarest; Catharine, Elizabeth Murray; Philippe, Ignacio Martinetti; Edward Sherry, Jack Gardner; Leonard Gomez, John Reinhard; Pepita, Dorothy Jardon; Yvonne Sherry, Lina Abarbanell; Pheophilus Sherry, Ralph C. Herz; Hector, Frank Johnson; Helen Van Ness, May Hanna; Florence Brevort, Almannore Francis; Loy De Puyster, Irene Palmer; Irene Vanderbilt, Alice Palmer; Myrtle Stuyvesant, May Thompson; Ruth Amsterdam, Evelyn Westbrook; Florence Astoria, Lillian Tucker; Bertha, Van Hutton; Marcelle Lamb, Eleanor Peyster, Elizabeth Nelson; Marion Palmer, Leslie Stose; Betty Palmer, Roselle Lyons; Dorothy Pelham, Naomi Dale.

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ger and life which he injected into them. Apparently his lengthy sojourn in Chicago has not weakened him in this capacity, for "Madame Sherry," now at the New Amsterdam, was staged under his direction and is one of the few big and emphatic hits of the new season. Based on a French vaudeville, the piece has been acted in another form in London, but the present version is from the pen of Otto Hauerbach and is ingenious, bright and amusing. It is an old idea, that for purposes of deceiving a rich relative a nephew for the time borrows a wife, but it forms the basis of a story that is replete with life, incident and fun. And for the illumination of the book Mr. Karl Hoschna has contributed a score that is admirable in its lyrical quality, melodious invention and musicianly construction. Hoschna's score is the best native one heard here since Victor Herbert turned out the music for "Mlle. Modiste." It is rendered by a capital orchestra under the capable baton of Hans S. Linné, while for parts Manager Lederer has gathered together a splendid company that can sing as well as act. Lina Arbarbanell trills like a bird and dances like a dream; Frances Demarest sings equally well and is a dream to look at. Ralph Herz is quaint, neat and artistic to a degree as the uncle, and capital fun is contributed by Elizabeth Murray and Ignacio Martinetti. Jack Gardner renders his music with nice tone, and Dorothy Jardon displays real temperament and a wonderful back and pair of shoulders.

**BIJOU.** "WELCOME TO OUR CITY." Farce in three acts, by George V. Hobart. Adapted from the German. Produced September 12.

The comedy or farce of mechanical marital intrigue has surely had its day. The manner in which "Welcome to Our City" has been received at the Bijou by press and public alike is the incontrovertible answer. Adapted from the German by George V. Hobart, this piece was designed to supply Maclyn Arbuckle with a stellar rôle. It was a misfit part and a dire bad farce. To more than refer to its production was a criminal waste of space. Mr. Arbuckle struggled valiantly with the rôle of a southern colonel who got into trouble and dragged in every one else. Miss Maidel Turner, for her looks at least, shone forth from a cast that was woefully uninteresting and thoroughly incompetent.

**HIPPODROME.** The Hippodrome opened for the season on Sept. 3 with a new triple production, "The International Cup," "The Ballet of Niagara" and "The Earthquake." The first of these is in eight scenes, during the opening one of which a complete circus composed of twelve big feature acts is presented. Among those who appear in the circus are Miss Louise Stickney, equestrienne; the Metzettis, triple somersault artists; Lidia and Albino, equilibrists; Lee Serano, hand balancer; the Three Houcks, French equestrians; Mueller's Lions, Powers' Elephants and Spellman's Bears, etc., not forgetting Slivers and Marceline, who are the chief funmakers in the carnival of Hippodrome clowns.

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Many of the serious composers have had their moments of relaxation, when they amused themselves by writing humorous pieces of various descriptions. Some examples which may be mentioned are Beethoven's absurdity, "Anger at the Loss of a Penny," Mozart's "Village Musicians," and the toy symphonies by Haydn and others.

In the present instance the composer has taken a sweet trifle of a German folk song, and, evidently presuming that his audience has at least a passing knowledge of the styles of the great composers, has treated this little tune in various ways—first as an elaborate Bach fugue, much exaggerated; then as a waltz in the Johann Strauss style, with the mannerisms of the Waltz King quite in evidence; next clothing it with the cloying sweetness which pervades Gounod's Garden Scene; and finally, the most amusing of all, when he takes this simple tune and scores it *a la Wagner*, first as the Lohengrin prelude, then like the Bacchanale and the Pilgrims' Chorus in Tannhauser. The extreme gravity with which Mr. Pryor conducts this number always adds to the humor of the occasion.

A Chantecler March. *Mr. Rooster*, by Lampe. The present vogue of Rostand's "Chantecler" is responsible for a flood of "Cock-a-doodle-do" compositions, mostly of the humorous character.

Mr. Lampe's new number is one of the best of these pieces; and certainly there is no doubt of its being written in honor of the King of the Barnyard, judging from the noise he makes during the rendition!

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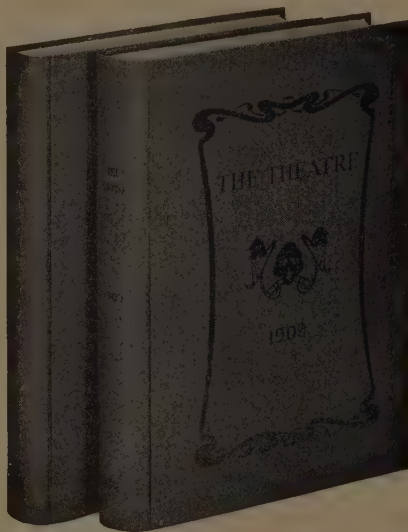
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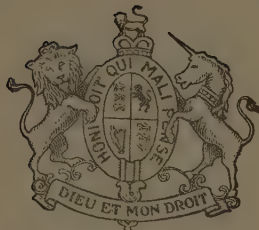
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## Facts Worth Knowing

To make the foot look as small as possible is the desire of all women. Time has gone when most of us would consent to squeeze our feet into shoes too small for comfort in order to make them look small. The making of shoes has made such rapid developments during recent years that this is no longer necessary.

Every maker strives to produce a shoe pattern that will give a neat, trim appearance to the foot, but it has remained for one man to invent a design that is as near perfection as human endeavor can be. This shoe conforms to the natural outline of the foot, therefore it is most comfortable, yet the lines are such that it makes the foot appear at least two sizes smaller than will that of any other make.

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The day of miracles is not past, for it must, in truth, be accounted a miracle to have straight locks made curly so that they not only resemble the natural wave, but most wonderful of all that the dampness does not affect the wave.

This modern miracle has been brought about by a scientific discovery, and the prominent women who have already tried it are enthusiastic over the results. When waved by this method the influence of damp and wet atmosphere is exactly the same as one naturally wavy hair.

Imagine what it must be to take an ocean voyage, and always have one's hair look as though it had been arranged by a professional hairdresser. Why, half the terrors of a sea trip will be lost for the well-groomed woman.

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The inventor of this process guarantees that it will in no manner injure the hair. Some women have used this outfit very successfully themselves.

The home outfit costs only half as much as to have the method applied by the inventor. But think what a time as well as money saver either one must be, since it does away with the weekly or semi-weekly visits to the hairdresser. Further, it makes it possible for one not only to be independent of the hairdresser, but makes it possible to always present a smart, attractive appearance, and the wonder and admiration of one's friends.

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

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### Another Lehar Operetta

Henry W. Savage will produce this season Franz Lehar's new operetta, "The Prince's Child" (Das Fuerstenkind), making it one of the most important features of his list of novelties. The three men responsible for "The Merry Widow"—Franz Lehar, composer, and Victor and Leo Stein, librettists—are the authors of this new Vienna hit. The operetta has run 200 nights at the Johann Strauss Theatre, the home of light opera in the gay Austrian capital, and has a like record of popularity in many other Continental cities. Incidentally the hero of the story is a young American.

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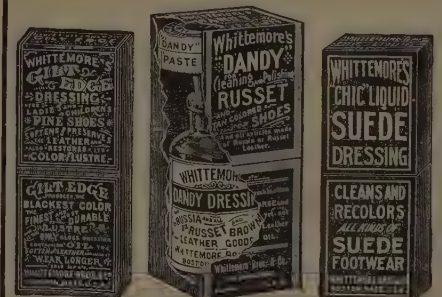
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## OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo Felix

Beautiful wrap of mink with the stripes so handled as to form a stoll in front, and bordered around the bottom and sleeves with mink tails. Creation of Bernard, Paris



# Fashion's Favorites in Hats, Colors and Fabrics

THE autumn millinery gets its greatest inspiration from the modes of the first Empire. The chief source of these are from the old prints and paintings of Madame Ninische, one of the famous beauties of the court of Napoleon. For her were created some of the most novel styles of that period, a time when novelty was every bit as eagerly demanded by fashionable dames as it is to-day when the French milliners are copying almost exactly the hats of this renowned woman for the equally fair women of the twentieth century.

There are big hats and little ones, and both are of picturesque aspect. One of the large shapes is an exact copy of the hat portrayed in one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous paintings. This has a decided elevation to the brim at the left side, but droops at other points. Then there are large mushrooms, but with the brims indented and of irregular outline, so that they are vastly more becoming than the original mushroom shape.

One of the extreme novelties is the theatre hat worn over the East Indian turban. A French model of this has the turban made of cloth of gold, with a long black silk tassel hanging just behind the left ear. Over this is set the big black velvet hat, the crown

being made in one with the turned down brim, but distinguished from it by its gold lace covering. It is intended that the hat be removed on entering the theatre but the turban left on.

This turban comes well down over the head, and shows only a bit of hair all around. It would seem to be a good style for the woman who does not know how to arrange her hair, or who for the time being wants to discard her boughten tresses. While the latest Paris model is made in cloth of gold, these Indian turbans are also made in satin and other soft silks, and sometimes edged with a lace plaiting. They are becoming to but few women, whether edged with lace or not; nevertheless, since Paris advocates them they may be adopted in this country.

The smaller hats are generally of the cloche turban type, but decidedly different from those which created so much adverse comment three seasons ago. Some set close to the head, others have a slightly flaring brim of the poke order, and all come down well over the head, showing very little of the hair. The crown is a prominent feature of the new turbans, being immensely high. Among these high-crowned turbans are some with shallow, up-turned rolling brim, higher at one side than the other.

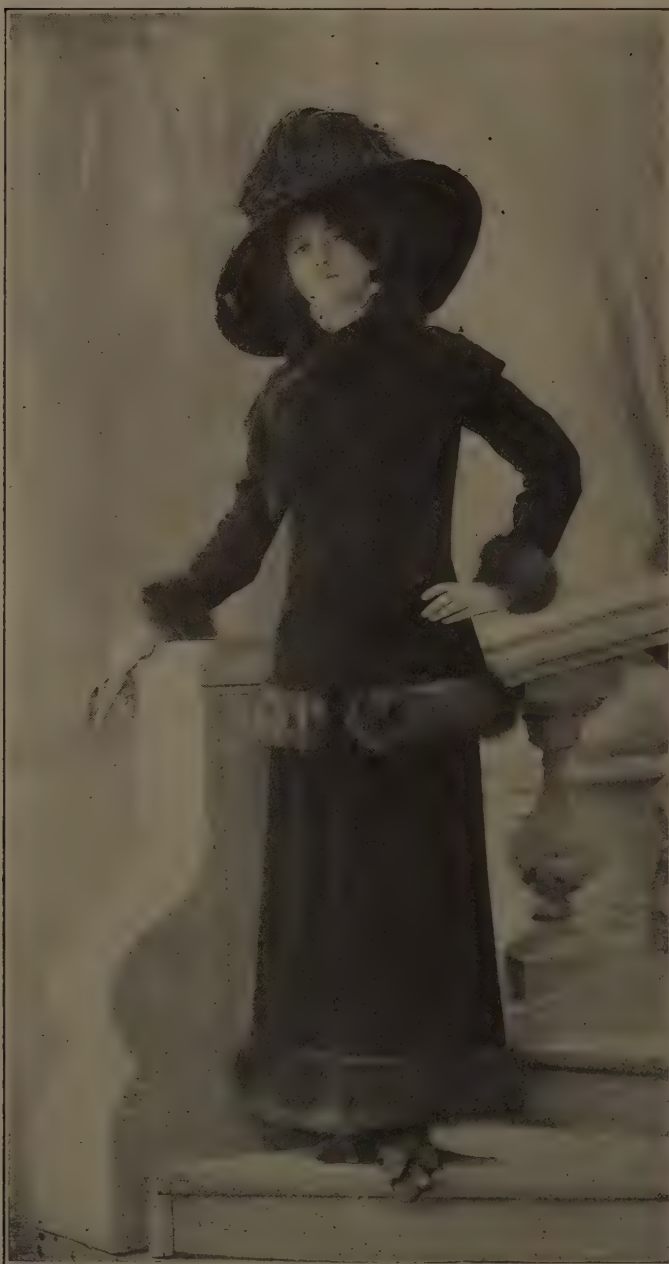


Photo Felix

Tailored suit of black velutina handsomely but simply trimmed with skunk. Made by Bernard, Paris



Photo Felix

A novel idea for tailored suits. The skirt of this model is of Courtauld's black silk crêpe, and the jacket of blue velvet trimmed with buttons. Made by Drecoll, Paris



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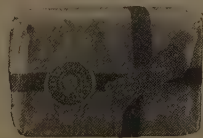
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It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.



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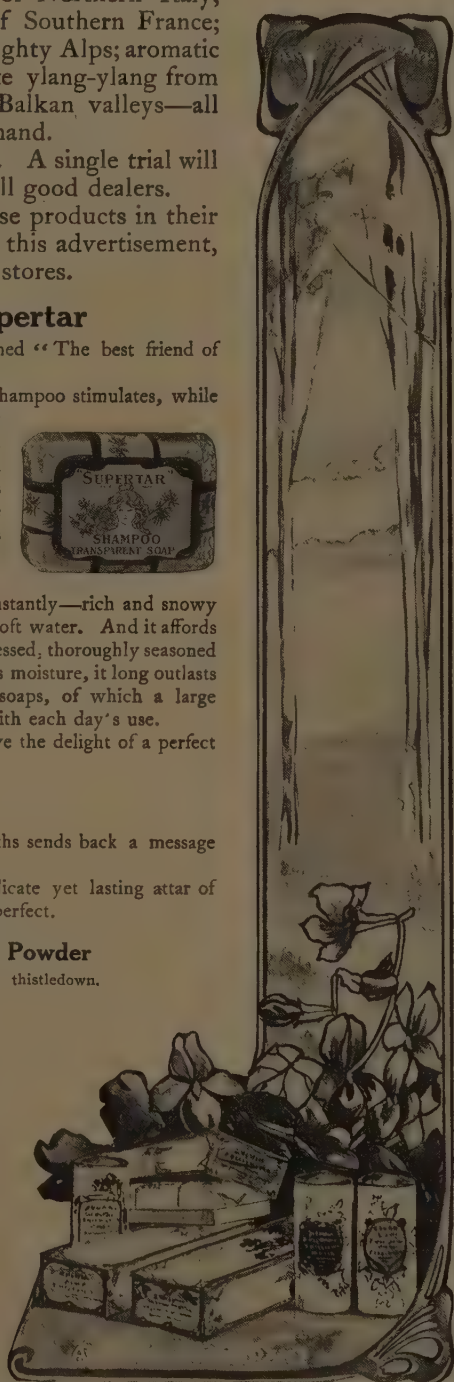
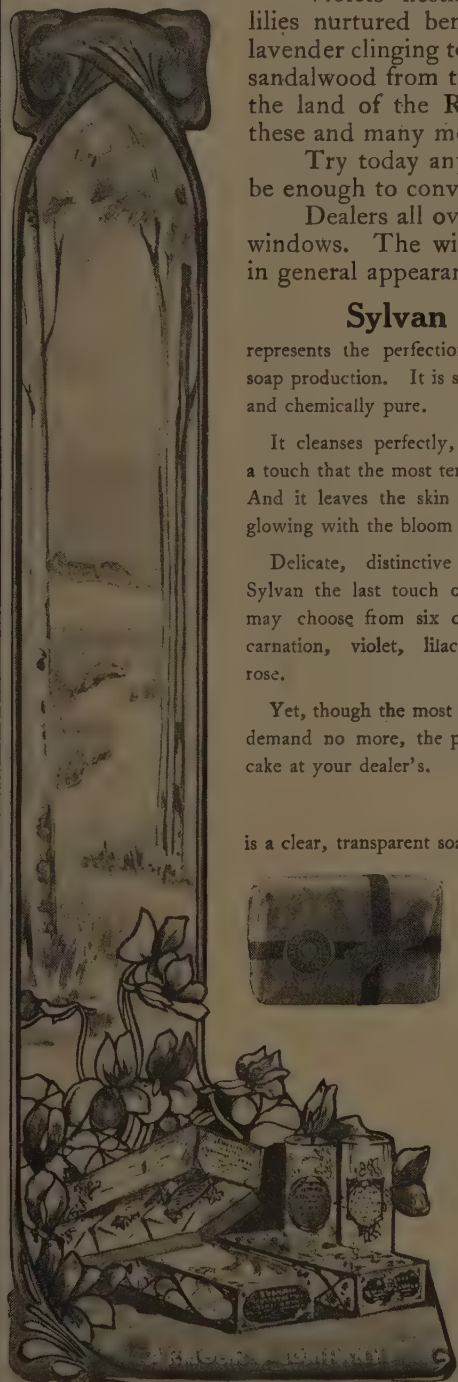






Photo Felix

A new material is illustrated in this dainty afternoon costume of blue and black striped velvet trimmed with fur and antique gold buckle. Made by Jenny, Paris

Of all the new turban shapes the one which is the most novel, the most stylish, and at the same time the most practical is the Scheherazade, named after the sultana who related the Arabian Nights' Tales. This is not so oriental in aspect as one might at first surmise. Or, rather, while it is an exact copy of an oriental turban, it is quite different in outline from the usual ones. It has a straight brim, slightly narrower at the front than the back, and the moderately high crown also slopes upward at the back. The brim is covered with a band of skunk, and the crown plainly covered with wide-striped cloth of silver. That is all, excepting the tiny rolled bow of cloth of silver, yet the outline is one that will be becoming to the majority of American faces.

Hats of satin, crêpe, moiré, ottoman of irregular weave, and shirred taffeta are shown for the early season, while for the colder weather are such materials as velvet and beaver felt strips, or the silks combined with velvet and fur. Among the furs which have been little used in recent seasons, but which are shown on the French models, are mole and otter.

The classical and beautiful Greek mode of arranging the hair will be much in vogue the coming season. Sets of eight or ten puffs or curls on a small square and invisible foundation are pinned to the back of the head to form this stylish coiffure, and the front hair is arranged in soft waves in the manner most becoming to the wearer. Twists of ribbon or old galloon are often wound around

the head, allowing just a little hair to show between the ornamental band and the skin. For those to whom more picturesque styles are becoming there are the long cork-screw curls to hang at one side of the neck, and which go very well with the collarless bodice.

Before entirely leaving the subject of millinery, I must mention a new motor hat, which is almost an exact copy of the headdress worn by Madame Le Bargy as the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler." It really makes an ideal motor hat or bonnet, for it comes well down over the hair, and yet there is a smartness about it which is sadly lacking in the majority of hats intended specially for motor-ing. This pheasant motor hat is a sort of helmet, bearing quite a resemblance to the head-dress worn by the legions of Rome, so far as shape is concerned. The material is a soft, light-weight felt. The model I saw was of mole-colored felt with a moderate sized wing at either side of the hat, and fastened close and flat to it. There was a mole gray motor veil attached to it in that clever way so well understood by Carlier, yet so indescribable.

To turn to more cheerful subjects the entrave or hobble skirt, like a mighty army, is descending upon us. One sees it good, bad and indifferent in the ready-made style, and the travesties one sees on the streets must surely be home-made without the aid of a well-cut pattern. How any woman can get herself up to be such a



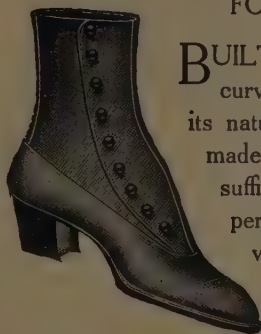
Photo Felix

Smart tailored costume of red ratine trimmed with grey fox. The empire waistline of the long coat is finished with soutache braid and crochet buttons to match the skirt ornamentation. Made by Zimmermann, Paris



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You can have the latest New York style as easily as if buying in your home city. Write to-day for new price list, "A Package of Shoes" and book of instructions with measurement blank.

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Fig. 1. This shows a shirtwaist pattern, without trimming, tucks, etc. Fastens in back, but can be opened in front.

Fig. 2. Shirtwaist made from Fig. 1 pattern, tucked and trimmed. The sleeves can be short or long.

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## THE NOSE PORES

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Gentlemen: I enclose four cents in stamps for a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Or ten cents for a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Dept. F.

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### A Friendly Warning By

**THOMAS CORT INC.**

The public is earnestly requested to ask us where shoes of our making may be had in various cities.

Some dealers who may have now or have had at some time a few genuine "Cort" shoes, have been led into offering their higher priced shoes indiscriminately as "Cort" shoes.

A good price does not mean, necessarily, a good shoe.

In buying "Cort" shoes it is true that you are charged for the highest material value ever put into shoes ready to wear, but the important point is—you get it.

Let us tell you where you may be sure of getting genuine "Cort" shoes and genuine shoe service.

"Cort" shoes—always of custom quality and correctness—fetch from 8 to 15 dollars at retail.

**THOMAS CORT, INC.**

ESTABLISHED 1884  
NEWARK, N. J.

PARIS AGENCY  
J. B. LOUIS BOULADOU, 39 RUE DE CHAILLOT





Photo Felix

Three charming gowns by Beer, Paris. Showing the use of chiffon voile and Madame Butterfly marquisette for the veiling of satin costumes. The centre costume is elaborately embroidered with Sida floss and metal cordonet

caricature of fashion is utterly beyond comprehension. It is undoubtedly an attractive skirt when well made, even for the plain tailored suit, but it requires an artist in line and proportion to produce the correct fashion. Paris accents the two-yard width as the correct one for the tailored suit, and the smartest women in Paris have never accepted anything narrower than that.

A friend who has just returned from the other side showed me two stunning little dresses she had made over there of Priestley's Tussah Royal. She tells me that all the dressmakers are using it for both tailored suits and costumes. This English material is particularly recommended for the tailored suit when satin is not desired, and yet when a good wearing material is wanted.

Her tailored suit is of dark blue English Tussah Royal of an uneven and crêpelike weave that is very fascinating. The skirt has a seam at the left side of the front, which is stitched from belt to hem, the stitching continuing around the narrow hem. At intervals up the front, just inside this stitching, are set groups of five crochet buttons and simulated buttonholes in the matching shade of blue. There is a flat and straight stitched back panel, which is ornamented in the same manner, but with a double row of the buttons. The jacket which comes half way between waist and knees is cut in somewhat short-waisted style with a back panel to correspond with that of the skirt, and ornamented to correspond. The front is decidedly odd, having a high close-fitting collar, which



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(TRADE MARK)

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in that shapely fashion confined exclusively to these shoes, conveying that charm of pretty effectiveness demanded by young women. The first shoe ever produced which, irrespective of individual foot peculiarities, solves the problem of "good looks combined with great comfort."

Shoe illustrated is a high cut walking Boot, slant top, in Black Velvet or Black Romaine Silk, Dongola stay with large worked eyelets, either lace or button, Cuban or Louis XV heels. **Walt \$7.00**

PUMPS, same materials. Cuban or Louis XV heels, welt or turned soles. **\$5.00**

Your check or money order, stating size and particulars, will bring you any of the models described above promptly. You will find them unlike any you have ever seen or worn, and more satisfactory.

The largest clientele of women in the world is supplied with the original Short Vamp Shoes through our Mail Order System, which has unusual satisfactory facilities. Catalogue "T" describes many new novel shoes. From \$3.00 up. Free on request.

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The GOSSARD retains a woman's shapeliness of figure because its constructive principles are based on a sound and scientific knowledge of the laws of corsetry. The GOSSARD induces its wearer to carry herself lightly, to breathe deeply, to stand and sit properly. And she who heeds herself thus will show no tendency to add unsightly flesh.

Model 101 is a corset of "beautiful lines," exceptionally satisfactory in its accomplishment of imparting the long, slender lines that are absolutely essential for the present styles. In order to wear the narrow skirts women are obliged to wear corsets that will eliminate the fulness of hip and thigh. The 101 model is constructed on lines that add height to a short, thick-set figure, and for the tall, well developed figures, it distributes the superfluous flesh in a healthful fashion, molding the figure into slenderer proportions.

The bust is medium, fitting close through the diaphragm, taking excellent care of the bust, holding it forward without raising it, sloping gradually under the arm, insuring comfort to the wearer. The abdomen is held flat, and the extension of the skirt controls the flesh of the limbs. The back is wonderful in effecting that close, slender appearance of the figure directly at the base of the corset in the back. It positively will not permit the flesh to spread.

It is beautiful because its constructive features accord with the laws of health. Witness the hygienic lace front, the restful back and the strength and pliancy of the ELECTROBONE boning. Made in \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00 materials.

No corsets have the health qualities of the GOSSARD, but we abstain from saying this too often, lest they be confused with the usual "health corsets," which are always clumsy and ugly.

THE H. W. GOSSARD COMPANY

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Photo Bert  
Madame Germaine Gallois, the pretty actress, in an afternoon gown of Burgundy colored chiffon voile elaborately embroidered in novel design of Persian colors. Made by Zimmermann, Paris

does not meet by an inch in front. The front of the jacket, or rather of the Tussah Royal stops two inches from the centre at the right side from the neck to waistline, but here it takes a sudden turn and laps over the left side fully four inches, and so continues in a straight line to the edge. A vest of tapestry brocade fills in the vacancy at the right side of the front, and laps two inches over on the left side of the Tussah Royal. The outer edge of this vest is finished with groups of tiny dull gold buttons and a frill of yellow lace.

The other is a dainty little afternoon frock of brocaded Tussah Royal in a lovely raisin shade. The skirt has a band of embroidered net set in some eight inches from the ground. This net is worked in raisin shades picked out with gold, and further enhanced by the glimpses of the changeable green and raisin lining that are to be had through the net foundation. The tunic drapery appears to be cut in one with the bodice, but really they are cut separately, the joining being concealed by a narrow girdle of soft raisin satin. The bodice is draped in surplice effect front and back, the opening being outlined by a raisin and antique gold galloon. The neck opening is filled in with a deep pointed guimpe of fine

silk-run white lace. The tunic opens to within a few inches of the waistline at the left side, and descends to the embroidered band just over the right ankle, and then swirls around towards the back and ascends to the left side, where it is brought to the front and fastened over the other end. The entire tunic is outlined with the gold and raisin galloon. Tussah Royal is a material which wears like iron, and yet it has such splendid draping qualities that if you could see these two radically different costumes you would say that the material had been specially made for each one.

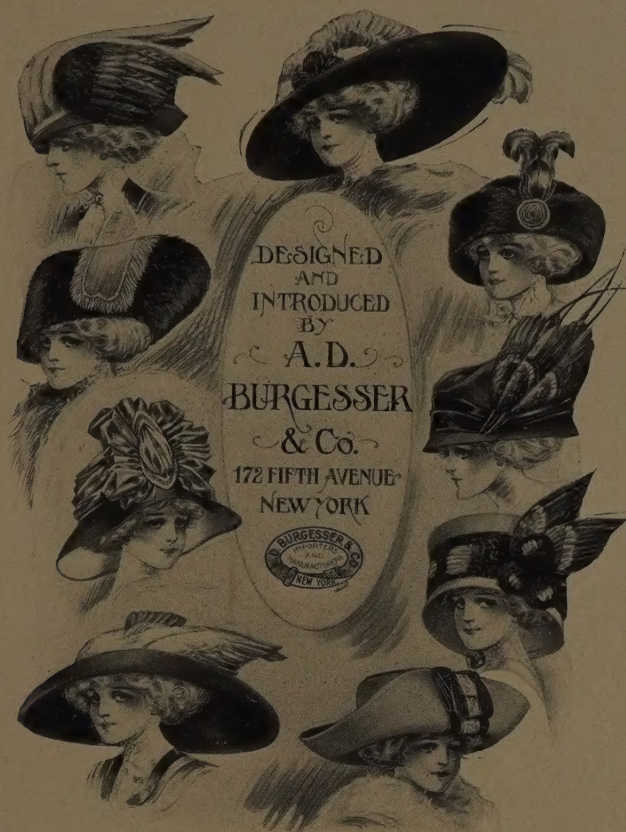
While I was in at Lord and Taylor's the other day the buyer called my attention to some of the new Courtauld silk and cotton crêpes as particularly meritorious materials for the price, \$1.25. I was specially struck by the changeable effects, probably because changeables are so fashionable, though the plain colors were equally lovely. You could never tell these Courtauld silk and cotton crêpes from the all-silk kind, for the lustre is most beautiful.

Also to be commended are the Courtauld voiles, which come in both plain and fancy effects. The fancy embroidered voiles are especially charming, and are so carefully made that it is a pleasure to recommend them as well as the plain ones.



Photo Felix  
The new style scarf and muff, showing the combination of ermine and sealskin. Made by Bechoff-David, Paris





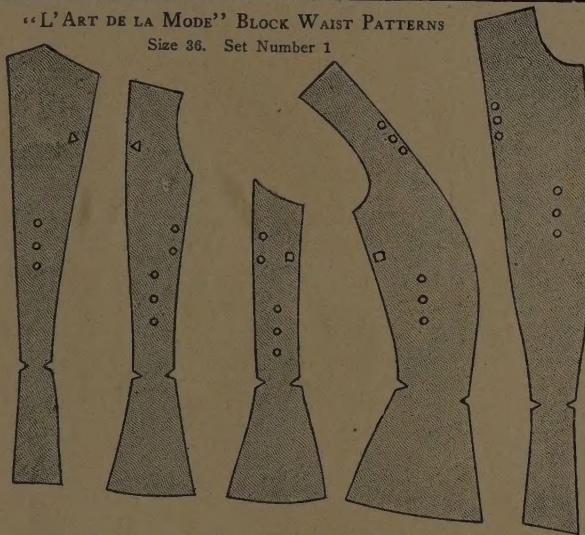
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Fall 1910

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